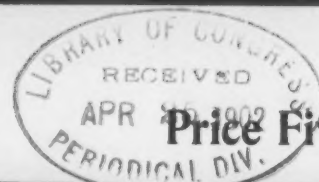


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PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR



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The Mirror.

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REFLECTIONS.

The Lures of Oil

WHILE some portions of Texas are burning up for lack of water, another portion is deluging the world with its oil and its lies about oil.

That part of the Southwest needs water much more than it or the rest of the world needs oil. How useless a deal of that oil is may be seen by the tenor of the lurid advertisements meant to beguile the people who have small savings laid by and think to gain a competence by speculation. A great many of these oily gammoners of the advertisements offer to every purchaser of a few cents' worth of oil-stock a barrel of the oil. After a sucker had bought his oil-stock, and ordered his barrel of oil sent him, he would probably find freight charges on the oil coming to more than the whole oil-well would ever profit him. This is throwing oil on troubled waters with a vengeance. You sell him worthless stock and then pour lubricating oil over him. It has not yet been proven that this oil from Texas, in the great bulk of

it, is fit for anything except as a lubricant or for use in laying dust on railway tracks. One hears that New Orleans means to pipe oil extensively, and to use it for fuel. This makes one think of the optimistic idiot whose answer to a complaint of the smoke nuisance in St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburg and other towns, was that one might as well have patience; the real supply of the United States was being rapidly used up and the smoke nuisance would soon be abated by the scarcity of coal. Extensive use of oil as fuel is probably as far off as this asinine dream about the failure of our coal supply. In the meanwhile, with the oil flowing more quickly than it can be used up, the general public should be made aware of the obvious unreasonableness of all the advertising lures the oil people are inserting in the newspapers. Every other advertisement alleges that the company advertising "owns the largest oil well in the world." Advertisements announcing an advance in share value "in two weeks more" have been standing unchanged for twelve months. If you will add up the alleged output of oil of all the wells advertised you will reach a total of more oil than the world can use in ten years. Until large refineries are built, storage plants arranged, and markets manufactured—for that is what it amounts to: this oil is unsalable unless new uses for it can be discovered—the owners of this oil are bound to be oil-poor as so many other poor fellows have been land-poor. While the suckers who bite in small amounts now are going bankrupt the big fellows will gobble the depreciated stuff; they can afford to wait, to put up refineries, and build steamers that shall use oil for fuel. But the gullible folk who think a few cents' worth, or a few dollars' worth of this oil is going to make them rich, should take warning and leave the stuff alone. Let ex-Governor Hogg use his ill-shaped knees as advertisements, if he likes, to fool London investors with, but don't let him try to fool home folks. These advertisements are too brazenly braggart. Let the oil flow where it listeth.

Frank Stockton's Death

THE late Frank R. Stockton added to the gaiety of all the English-reading nations. His humor was of a simplicity that concealed art so effectually, one was sometimes tempted to call him no artist. But the scores that tried to ape his method, and failed, testify to the unique endowment of humors and originality he possessed. In all he wrote he was homely and genuine. There was no sham about him. He appealed to the plain people as well as to those thinking themselves the select. None before or since has so humorously pictured the great servant girl problem in America. Occasionally his humor combined with an invention worthy of Jules Verne. Some of his short stories, notably, "The Late Mrs. Null," are classic already. His name is indelibly graven on the roll of American humorous story-tellers.

Against Morganatic Marriages

THE staid old Cunard line of ocean steamers is said to mean fight against the omnipotent Morgan. In opposition to the pool of transatlantic systems the New York banker has just formed, the Cunard people may make a counter amalgamation. Since there are as strong lines without as with Morgan affiliations the fight should be a pretty one. It is not good for this centralization of power to invade all the public service. The question of whether transatlantic rates are inflated or not may not concern the plain people as intimately as the doings of the beef trust, yet the principle is as faulty in the one case as in the other. It is very little satisfaction to the traveling American to know that his flag floats over more vessels than it did, the while he is keenly sensible that under that same flag he is being

robbed more thoroughly than ever before. While the general pocket suffers, the trust-incited appeal to patriotism is futile. Opposition is what Mr. Morgan needs. It would not be at all surprising to find good Americans taking shares in any steamship pool calculated to prevent a Morgan monopoly of the Atlantic. The present operations of the beef trust have induced a popular sentiment decidedly more favorable to the elusive Pat Crowe than to the too evident Cudahy. The same sentiment burns in the travelers who are being mulcted by the steamship trust. If we are to offer the young Brazilian, Santos-Dumont, and his rivals, a prize for air-travel, let us put a rider to the prize; let us insist that the winner never allow his inventions, his rights, to pass into the hands of a trust, American or otherwise. Mr. Morgan already controls travel by land, and threatens to control the seas; let us at least keep the air clear of him. Commercially we begin to be sick of these Morganatic marriages.

High Eggs

FOLLOWING the lead of beef and nearly all other edibles eggs, fresh and otherwise; are reported "soaring." Yet the army of the stage-struck, male and female, seems nothing daunted by the atmospheric disturbances that "soaring" eggs must surely bring about.

Municipal Ownership of Police

THE divorce between the Mayor of Toledo and his police force is a case of fatal reaction. To put the police force of any large town in the hands of State officials imperfectly familiar with the needs and conditions of that town, is to commit a paramount folly. In the campaign for municipal ownership being made throughout the country, nothing is so obvious as that a town should own its police-force. If State officials, resident elsewhere and with interests elsewhere, have control of the police, there must result the spectacle of corruption and incompetent police protection. To take the police force out of the dominion of political parties within the walls is well enough, but to put it under the thumb of political parties outside is no relief. Political parties in municipalities are at least within easy reach of the municipality's verdict. If wrong is done, justice can be meted out on the spot. The people demand the direct vote more and more. A mayor is elected by direct vote; where he has control of the police the citizens can look to him, the man they elected, for the responsibility of police conduct. Mayors of various towns have doubtless abused their power over the police, but that does not imperil the plan as the best possible. Take party out of municipal government, if you like, but there is no sense in simply trading from one party to another. Voting for the decent men as directly as possible will result in the best sort of home rule. The fact that Washington, lacking any voice in its own government, is the best governed city in America, does not spoil the present argument. The commissioners who rule it are citizens of it, and Congress, its real ruler, is within the gates. We have come to an era in municipal life where the direct vote of the people has put more good than bad Mayors in power than ever before. A town with an honest Mayor and a police force in no fear of his honesty, is as poorly off as a completely corrupt one. The Toledo example is one to avoid.

The Bible in the Schools.

No less than six assemblages of clergymen have, within the past two weeks, whereased and resolved that the whole theory and practice of free education will go to the demnition bow-wows, unless the Bible is introduced into the public schools. These pious gentlemen seem to forget

The Mirror

altogether the first cogent objection to their reverent scheme, viz., that the Constitution of the United States most pertinently and prudently insists that its people be left to their own tendencies and beliefs in all matters pertaining to religion. The Bible is the text-book of the Christian religion. The Jew, the Buddhist, the Confucian, the Agnostic may be and, probably is, just as good an American citizen as the preacher or the Christian who happens to believe in the Bible. Wherefore, it is senseless for these devout clerics to "deeply deplore" the hostile attitude of the civil authorities against the induction of Holy Writ into the schools.



The Riots In Belgium

THE disorders in Belgium, though largely fomented and enacted by the industrial classes, are not industrial in their significance nor expressive of a debate between labor and capital. On the contrary they are essentially political and many of the leading spirits of the revolt are scholars, legislators and men of means who regard the suffrage system of Belgium as cumbersome, inapt and absurd by all modern measurements of popular government. A glance at the established Belgian method of polling public opinion will explain the motive of the present uprising and exonerate the working classes, if it does not justify the rioters. The law of 1899 which now prevails, gives to every male citizen, who resides in the same commune for five years, the right of a single vote at all elections. To men thirty-five years of age, with legitimate issue and taxed land, it accords two votes upon the theory that the father of a family and the free-holder, have a political importance twice as great as the unmarried tenant. But the oddest and most unsatisfactory feature of the law is that to those who can prove the possession of "the higher education," three votes are given! In 1900, electors to the number of 901,944 cast one vote; 313,187 voted twice and 237,101 "educated" votes were polled three times with the surprising result that the liberal representation in the House was materially reduced. The complications, injustices and discriminations which must attend upon so complicated and frivolous a system of suffrage, are apparent to every believer in the republican idea of government, and the present uprising, though seemingly harsh and intemperate, is but the accentuation of a desperate effort of the people to simplify and adjust their suffrage system to the "one man, one vote" basis which can alone denote the self-governing verdicts of the enfranchised.



The Beef Trust

SENATOR PLATT'S untimely bray about the trusts' efforts towards the "welfare of the public" is yet reverberating as an irritating challenge to the dear public to bend close scrutiny upon the performances of the beef trust, or rather the packers' trust. That mighty organization has been so intent upon looking after the welfare of the public that it has succeeded in bearing every market in which it is a purchaser and bulling every mart in which it is a seller. It has corralled or controlled the live-stock of the country to a point at which it can dictate the cost of meat on the hoof or in the cold-storage warehouses. It has filled its elevators with the bulk of the available feedstuffs till, with the stroke of a pen, it can double or divide the cost of your daily meals. Not content with raising the price of slaughtered cattle, it has tacked exorbitant figures to its valuation of poultry, eggs, butter, and every kind of perishable food that can be preserved in a refrigerator. The trust controls the cold-storage facilities of every great market. The spring chickens which it is now selling to you at a cost far greater than 1902 broilers are worth, were killed in 1901, wrapped up in trust tissue paper and laid away by car-loads in the cold-storage plants. Eggs that should have been consumed as long ago as 1900 are now "held" at prices that would be profitable for new-laid eggs. The trust is holding back all food supplies for the purpose of creating a fictitious scarcity that will assure high prices. It has already crushed competition by legal tyranny, ruinous under-

bidding and gigantic combination. It is now engaged in systematically plucking the public bird of plumes, pinions and pin-feathers. The American people is in an ugly mood. The man who eats broilers and truffles and the man who pampers his family on pot-roast and cabbage, are at one in their grievance against the beef trust. It is a good chance to test the possibilities of President Roosevelt's recommendation that trust methods be made public; it is a fine opportunity to find out whether there is any law in effect that will curb the rapacity of the pooled pirates; it is a good time to expose the owlish sophistries of Senatorial panderers who affect to think that the United States owes all its prestige, prosperity and power to the philanthropy of the trusts. In a word, it is time to make a case against the ghouls of organized industry, if such there be, and to punish them and their confederates if there is any law applicable to the case. This is no easy undertaking. The MIRROR is for publicity in all matters, methods and machinations that increase the cost of living, add to the hardships of the poor or take the meat from the mouths of the hungry; it is for a law that will restrict commercial depredations and punish the depredators. It is not against the trusts because they are trusts, but it is against the "trusties" who would pillage the public under cover of elastic and distorted privileges.



Bread and Beef

LET us not wax too sympathetic over the results of the new British bread tax, until we have ourselves escaped from the extortions of the beef trust.



Sex on the Stage

A READER of the MIRROR has addressed to the editor the following pertinent communication, signing it for public purposes "Shenandoah:" "I was considerably interested in the 'Uneeda Criticism' article recently published in the MIRROR, and other articles touching matters dramatic. I should like to offer to both the public and the critics the following problem: Why do women of respectability patronize plays in which the principal characters are women who never did anything sufficiently unusual to be called dramatic, except to violate the seventh commandment; why do they encourage women of talent to portray characters which in real life they would avoid as they would avoid vermin? The problem seems apropos, in view of the fact that Sunday's daily papers announced that we are soon to have an 'adultery week' at one of the two leading theaters. I should be glad to see the MIRROR take it up. The propounder thereof is not a student of psychology, neither a crank on dramatic reform, nor yet a wilful stirrer-up of pruriency." . . . Next week an English actress will appear in a repertoire composed of such plays as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Magda." In each case the leading part is that of a woman who is, in one way or another, beyond the pale of convention. This is, of course, what "Shenandoah" refers to. But as to the question why respectable women patronize such plays, and so encourage women of talent to appear in them, that is not so easily disposed of. The solution may, in a measure, be found in the large doctrine that the central motive in human life is the sex motive. Without love life is nothing. You may, it is true, live and amass millions without the element of love; but the moment you attempt transferring that life into any romantic perspective, such as the play, the poem or the picture, if you do not introduce sex you are lost. About the eternal feminine everything else revolves. You might make a play ever so tremendous about the career of Cecil Rhodes, but if you left out the heart interest you would merely achieve a failure. For a long time our stage interpretation of the love element in life was content to deal with the licensed mating of the sexes. Eventually illicit love stole its way to theatric presentation in the English tongue. We have had seasons in the past when a large proportion of our new plays were concerned with the doings of women of no moral importance. Yet the fact remains that even these women of no moral importance, being a part of life, must inevitably

attract the attention of playgoers, as long, at least, as the pictures of them remain true to known conditions and cases. In our age very little that is essentially a part of human life can be kept out of the arts. It is quite hopeless to attempt keeping the sex element out. The sex element is too inextricably interwoven into the very fiber of the human aggregate. The way of a man with a maid will always be a focal point for public interest. The more secret, the more tangled such a way may be in real life, the more eagerly will people clamor to see it on the stage or in the novel. Whether the woman be a maid or no, the man's way with her, or hers with him, will always be the supreme subject of all drama. Admitting this, it becomes more and more difficult to say how far we may not go in the type of women we shove into heroic circumstances on the stage. The only wall against which the dramatic innovators will storm in vain will be the wall of taste in details. The public no longer cares essentially what sort of woman the heroine is or has been, as long as she does not, while on the boards, offend against decency. In other words, the enlightened playgoer looks with more patience upon the adventures of a Paula Tanqueray than upon the would-be alluring pajamas of "The Liberty Belles." Pinero, Sudermann Hauptmann and Maeterlinck are serious artists, seriously employed in putting finger to the raw spots in the world's great sex battle. Many of our compilers of theatric frivolity, intending to achieve nothing save a sex excitement in the male patrons of the playhouse, do a deal more harm than the real students of life and the theater whose work will be presented here next week. "Shenandoah" asserts that in real life respectable women would shun these heroines as they would vermin. True enough. But it is testimony to the advance we have made in broad-mindedness that none of the plots of these Pinero and Sudermann plays are now able to shock us. When the problem of Paula Tanqueray was first presented, we thought the world was coming to an end. Could matter that had hitherto been confined to the smoking-rooms and the boudoirs be fit for the theater? Surely not. But, in these short years since then, we have reached a point where we realize that, after all, these women, these complications, these embroilments of sex are and always have been, always will be, a vital part of life, and as such have right to theatric life. In that very calmness with which we now view what once shocked us lies a great safeguard against too great license in stage morals. Whatever is a part of the great sex drama that we sometimes call more simply "life" has place in the theater. We do not, because we consider for an evening these problems of our modern world, therefore have to touch hands with the problems in actuality. It is a pity, to be sure, that many people too young and too plastic will go to see such plays, but if at foundation they have a just sense of proportion they will see that it is all merely a page in the book of life. To have broken the seventh commandment is not necessarily dramatic. But it happens that the seventh is the only commandment in which sex has part. And sex is to-day the pivot of the universe.



Real Characters in Fiction

THE question as to how far it is permissible for an author to make use of his friends or his enemies as characters in a novel is the subject of most energetic discussion at home and abroad. It has led the London *Daily News* to reminiscences about Dickens' and Thackeray's tendencies in this direction. The entire discussion has been caused by "The Imitator" which, by sheer merit of its intrinsic vitality and pungency of satiric truth, is forcing itself to the attention of readers and writers wherever the English language is spoken. The list of those accused of its authorship grows daily. It already includes Gertrude Atherton, author of "The Conqueror;" Richard Harding Davis; Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, and the editor of the MIRROR. The only authentic and emphatic denial of the authorship of the book is the one repeated now and here; the editor of the MIRROR did not write the book. Mr. Le Gallienne's conclusion, by the way, that the question of

anonymity in this case is one chiefly "of the novelist's personal taste and—personal safety" is, as to its latter suggestion, at least, based on false premises. If anyone thinks the author of "The Imitator" omitted his signature because he is afraid of the Messrs. Lehr, Mansfield, Chatfield-Taylor or whoever else may claim the distinction of having served him as model, he or she is mightily mistaken. At the proper time and place, to the proper person, the authorship of the satire will doubtless be disclosed with a good deal more readiness than the models in question could observe in proving the falsity of the pictures the book presents.

William's Latest Jabberwock

JUST when the patient world was beginning to forget that Missouri was handicapped with a Senatorial impossibility named William Jabberwock Stone, he lets forth a raucous jabber about repudiating Andrew Carnegie's proffered gift of a library for the State University at Columbia. He says that Missouri is able to build her own libraries and he would spurn with scorn the blood-wrung largesse of the octopus! 'Rah for Willie J! Of course this yawp is intended to tickle the tympani of the sons of toil (of whom William Jabberwock is not) and to bid sonorous defiance to all plutocracy. The esteemed *Republic*, accustomed to the banalities of the vocal ex-Governor, has gone so far as to "take exception" to his latest bluff. "On reflection," opines the editorial writer of the great daily, "Governor Stone will, it may be taken for a certainty, modify the opinion announced in the dispatches." Oh, no, he won't! On the contrary he will vociferate it. Besides it isn't an opinion. It's a yawp. Everybody knows that Missouri can build all the libraries it needs. Incidentally, also, it has plenty of timber for good Governors, decent State officials and able Senators. But, somehow, it doesn't make the most of its opportunities in these directions. Just now, the only thing it lacks, from the Stone point of view, is a war-cry, a slogan that will "fetch the boys". Of course it's indecent, inconsistent and insulting to thus publicly slap the face of a gentle millionaire who seems to be trying his best to atone for being alive, and Mr. Stone knows better. He doesn't care what nurtured people may think of him or of poor old Missouri. He isn't after decent people in that anti-Carnegie yawp. It's a stock play at "the bhoys" and William means to "fetch 'em, b'gosh."

Britain's Borrowings

How much longer can Great Britain go on borrowing money. After all the millions it has spent in the Transvaal since first that bombastic cry of "Christmas in Pretoria" went up, many months ago, it is now raising a new loan of more than thirty million pounds. Is the spectacle of Britain bankrupt to be one of this century's sights? Certainly this borrowing cannot go on forever. Some fine morning John Bull will wake up mortgaged to Uncle Sam. Mr. J. P. Morgan has had to give Westminster Abbey its new lights; Charles Yerkes, of Philadelphia and Chicago, controls rapid transit in London; and the coming coronation will be a dismal business if the Americans do not open their purses liberally. American millionaires may have to syndicate the British Isles.

World's Fair in 1904

It has been supposed that election year had a deterrent influence upon all great enterprises except those political. Maybe it has and maybe it hasn't. At any rate, it now seems probable that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will be opened in 1904. Congress is ready and perhaps anxious to postpone the date and the board of directors is, no doubt, secretly glad of a chance to evade the inevitable consequences of its own procrastination. Once we are sure that 1904 is the year, many of the impenetrable vagaries of President Francis and his satellites will stand forth in the white light of certainty. Perhaps, as the campaign year draws nigh, we shall see the Louisiana Purchase commissioners haled in a body to the work of secur-

ing both the National conventions. And why not? What a fine chance it would be for the American people to witness both assemblages of famous politicians with the Fair at Forest Park as an inducement to prolong their stay! "Our Dave" will be the host of hosts. As head and front of the Exposition he will be, for the time, the sum and crown of things. He will be pointed out as the leading man of the Louisiana Purchase, the St. Louisan who does things, the young Lochinvar who is a "comer." He will make addresses of welcome to the war-horses of both parties, he will be the cynosure of pageantries, the observed of all observers, the whole mustard. He can, and he will, say things of much cheer to the Democratic convention, and if he but say them at the right moment—who knows what may happen! By all means, give us the Fair in 1904, and if it must get mixed up with politics let the mixture be to a purpose!

Our British Contrabandists

No matter how harshly the final fact may get upon the prejudices of the anti-British and the pro-Boer public of the United States, it begins to be apparent that the activity of English army officials in this country has not been actionable under international law. It is quite likely that the hue-and-cry raised over the purchase and shipment of mules for the army of the Sirdar will fail of any prohibitive effect. The lawyers seem to be agreed that the sale of food, beasts of burden and even of munitions of war by the subjects of a neutral State to a Nation at war, is not an infringement of the international code. If the State, or its agents, were to traffic in such commodities with either belligerent, the situation would be altered and the present inquiry might result in Federal interference. But, so far as shown, there has been no connivance of that kind. As a matter of fact, the real point at issue is to determine whether or not the British purveyors in this country have been enlisting men for the war in South Africa, and whether they have been using ports of the United States as bases for naval activities against the Boers. Thus far the testimony of Raoul Tourres, who has made six trips as head muleteer with cargoes of animals and ordinance for the Vaal, is the most important. He alleges that the drivers and packers under him were "the same as enlisted men." If it can be shown that they were enlisted men, and that they were taken to the Transvaal to fight against the Afrikanders, then there will be some substance in the charges of the pro-Boer complainants. As a matter of fact, the British have even a better right to complain of American partiality they have the Boers. Whole squads of American citizens have shipped from America for Delagoa Bay with the admitted design of warring against Britain, and they not only succeeded, but came back and boasted of their deeds against the red-coats at the Tugela river and Paardeburg. The MIRROR doesn't want to see the Boer patriots worsted, but diligent investigation seems to prove that the present attempt to estop the British operations in America depends wholly upon a question as to whether the offenders are enlisting citizens of the United States and making our ports supply stations for naval war. The law for this is specific and not general, and appears in the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, entered into as a result of the Alabama claims dispute, and provides that "A neutral government is bound not to permit either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the enlistment of men."

He Let 'Em Have it

AFTER pooh-poohing the little-breeches stories that have been circulating about him in this country, James Stephen Hogg, formerly Governor of Texas, gave some vague details about his "real business in London." It had to do with Beaumont oil and, according to the stalwart Texan, the bloomin' Britishers showed a consuming desire to buy the stock. "Did you sell much to them?" asked an intrepid reporter. "Well," drawled James Stephen H., "we-er-let 'em have it." The perfidious Albionites seem to be getting it in the neck from all quarters.

PHILLIPS AND A POETIC REVIVAL.

BY GEORGE FRENCH.

THE issuance of Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses" must confirm the interested and the critical in a belief in the revival of poetry. It is the fourth of a remarkable series of books from the same author, and it confirms to him a fame and a title the first of the series, "Paolo and Francesca," more than suggested. Between these, as links in the chain of evidence, are "Herod," and the "Poems," which contains that supreme performance of modern poets, "Marpessa." This one piece is enough to fix Mr. Phillips' fame. It is enough to eternally glorify one name. It is, so it seems to me, the greatest and the best poem of modern times, and I am at a loss to refer to another as being worthy to be compared to it or classed with it, for pure beauty and inspired appropriateness of language, perfection of form, cogency of plot, clearness of motive and lucidity of thought. Its action is so radically different from that of traditional poetry as especially to recommend it to the twentieth century. So much of our poetry is cast in the mould of a century or more ago that it requires of the reader a very distinct effort to throw his mind backward beyond all his experiences and all his training into a method of thought and expression quite foreign to him. Such as have soaked themselves in the poetry of the Elizabethan era have created for themselves a special poetic literary appreciation, quite apart from their experience of life. The discursive methods of the modern poets, so called, such as Browning, Tennyson, Byron, *et alii*, were the survival of the methods of the poets who followed Shakespeare, and have been indulged by nearly all the writers of verse. To the modern man, who has not been able to, or desirous of, cultivating a distinct taste for poetry, as apart from his taste for prose writings or his taste for art, such a poem as "Marpessa" comes like a well in the desert.

Probably the most just characterization of Mr. Phillips' poetry is to say that it is poetry and it is modern. By this is meant no philistinism—no decrying of the spirit or the methods that have made the poetry of the ages. The prose of the nineteenth century swung with the race; the poetry clung to the void out of which the race had progressed. Mr. Phillips writes from the viewpoint of the present day, and in the tenor of our thought. To read him demands none of the mental effort Browning requires, and Tennyson and Meredith, and many others. Whatever may be said of Browning, it requires great intellectual exertion to read him; as it does to read almost any of the modern poets. It is not laborious to read Shakespeare; it is to read Milton. It is laborious to read most of the recent and the living poets. It is not to read Stevenson or Phillips. Why? To answer is to define the charm and the power of Phillips, and the delight of Stevenson.

Stephen Phillips is a modern in more senses than the one suggested. His methods of work stamp him as an iconoclast, and his poetry does not suffer. He writes his poetry to order. There is no suggestion of the divine afflatus. He gets an order from a playwright or manager, and he sits down and produces "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod" and "Ulysses." "Made to order," he might label his work. Who cares? A manager offered him so many hundred guineas for a play, and, after a reasonable time, receives the manuscript of "Herod." What of it? Mr. Phillips knows he can write poetry, and does not allow his muse to don that tattered robe, inspiration. Tennyson wrote much in the same way, and only played the traditional part in disposing of his wares and for the entertainment of his friends. Stevenson turned out all of the contents of his twenty-four volumes as *Mantiini* worked the mangle for his wife—a "demnition grind." It is because we have schooled ourselves to appreciate poetry through the haze of the years past that we shrink from feeling that Mr. Phillips deliberately sat himself down and made such beautiful poetry as he has. There is in the English language little that is finer than "Marpessa," few quartettes of

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books more worthy of immortality than these four small volumes Stephen Phillips has given us since the nineteenth century ended.

"Marpessa" is Mr. Phillips' best effort thus far. It appears to be a purely voluntary performance, not dictated by another's wishes nor influenced by any consideration other than the wish to embody a thought in fitting words. It is a restrained work, while much poetry impresses one as being the vain attempt of the author to corral a thought by the use of unlimited language. There is not a superfluous line, nor a word that could be spared. The narrative flows straight to the climax in a pellucid stream of illuminative English, dignified and beautiful. The form is as fine as the delicate and noble *motif* demands, and the heart of the reader is filled with such pleasure as mortals have above the gods.

From the first line this poem is so quotable that the practiced reviewer must put aside his scissors and beg the editor to use it all. It paralyzes the selecting pencil.

Wounded with beauty in the summer night
Young Idas tossed upon his couch, and cried
"Marpessa! O Marpessa!"

to the severely restrained conclusion

Then slowly they,
He looking downward, and she gazing up,
Into the evening green, wandered away—

there are few lines which ought to be chosen for illustrative quotation, while others as apposite, as appropriate and as beautiful, must be left. The declaration of his love by Idas is certainly one of the finest love passages in all literature:

I love thee, then,
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose-sweet in the night of life;
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities; no, nor all
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon these brood;
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where;
It has the strangeness of the luring west,
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars.
O beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world! Thou art
My woe, my early light, my music dying.

Probably Mr. Phillips esteems his dramatic work as the more consequential to his fame. It is difficult to turn from such poems as "Marpessa," "Christ in Hades," "The Woman With the Dead Soul" and "The Wife" to such dramas as "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod" and "Ulysses" even, but they have been thrust into the public eye by being staged, while the poems have been kept from the public, because of their unattractive form and not very popular publisher. "Herod" is superior to either of the other dramas, taken as a whole and for what a tragic poem is supposed to exemplify. It touches a chord which vibrates more keenly, and longer. "Ulysses" is the more recent, and in some senses a more difficult performance, even though there may linger about it more traces of workmanship and a little less of stark human passion and elemental pathos. It is art—real poetry—and the art is more apparent than it is in "Herod" or "Paolo and Francesca." In the poems there is little such trace of the artificer.

"Ulysses" is a great performance, "Herod" is a greater performance, "Marpessa" is the greatest performance. So these books of Mr. Phillips have affected me. I am shy of new poetry, as I think most lovers of good literature have

learned to be; but the work of Stephen Phillips draws me as a magnet draws steel. While the works of the older and newer poets gather dust on my bookshelves, this thin volume of "Poems" has become almost shabby through usage. It goes everywhere I go, and it is my solace when no other book—nor any person—can suffice. I sit down with it for a ten-minutes' quieting reading before retiring, and I am not again conscious of time until the last line melts into "The End." I do not know how better to express my own liking for the work of Stephen Phillips.

There are some other evidences of the revival of poetry. Mr. Phillips' work is the most notable and by far the most important. At infrequent intervals there appears a poem which induces belief that the muse has actually become modernized and resumed business in the twentieth century. Now and then some publisher announces the discovery of a real poet. Such an one was recently located at Chicago University, but I failed to get very deeply interested, after reading a poem called "The Menagerie," where there was

" . . . a sleek, young zebra nosing hay,
A nyghau looking bored and distinguished,—"

As well as

"A little man in trousers, slightly jagged."

The magazines occasionally yield a bit of evidence that helps to prove that poesy may find the twentieth century congenial. A year or so ago this sonnet, by Madison Cawein, appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. It seemed to me nearly enough perfect to encourage a belief that poetry is not wholly of the past:

A sunbeam and a drop of dew
Lay on a red rose in the South;
God took the three and made a mouth,
A sweet, red mouth,
And gave it you.

A dream of truth and love come true
Slept on a star in daybreak skies;
God mingled these and made two eyes,
Two gray, true eyes,
And gave them you
The high communion of His gaze
Still fills my soul with deep amaze.

Poetry is coming into line with the present time; when poets realize that it must come fully into sympathy with the present, it will again become popular. Stephen Phillips shows the way.

GATES, THE BUCCANEER.

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

THE notorious John W. Gates has run amuck again. He is reported to be at the head of a Chicago clique of stock exchange gamblers and making all kinds of money. His specialty, at the present time, is buying up railroad properties. A few years ago, he confined himself to industrial concerns. Small stockholders of the American Steel & Wire Company will remember his disreputable tactics; how he manipulated the stock of the company; knocked the price of the common from 73 to 28, and then raised it to a high level again, after the confiding public had been shaken out. The United States Steel Corporation was afterwards kind enough to take his holdings of American Steel and Wire shares, Gates retiring from the game with a nice little pile of money. He, at that time, was anxious and demanded to be a director of the billion dollar steel combine, but J. P. Morgan slammed the door in his face and plainly told him to "get." Morgan, as we know, can stand a good many things, but Gates was a little too much even for the uncrowned Wall Street king's elastic conscience. And so Gates left, swearing vengeance and with blood in his eyes.

Since then, he tried in various ways to "get even" with the United States Steel people. He acquired a large interest in the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company and various other concerns. He acted upon the idea, of course, that the steel trust would get scared and hasten to make terms with him. But he got fooled. Morgan refused to take much interest in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, or

its intentions and absorptions, and appeared to be satisfied that the United States Steel Corporation would be able to take care of itself and of all competition that might arise. It did not take Gates long to learn that he was pursuing useless and unprofitable tactics and wasting time. Something else had to be done, if he wished to maintain his reputation (?) for financial sagacity and speculative cleverness. Gates wanted to be famous, by fair means or foul. Stock exchange fame is easily acquired nowadays. It requires nothing but capital, nerve, luck and unscrupulousness. Intelligence and honesty play a very small part in it, are hardly visible, unless a man is highly intelligent, if he is able to cheat and skin his fellow-men.

Gates, being a "smart" fellow, reversed his position. He soon found a different and more promising field for the display of his energies and ambition. He proceeded to buy up railroads. First he picked up small, humdrum lines wherever he could find them, selling them afterwards—at a profit, of course—to bigger companies. After having acquired a little experience and tested his talents, he looked around for larger prey. Having allied himself with prominent speculators of his own fine mental caliber, and with equally elastic notions of morality, and strengthened his sinews of war by securing control of a few big, trust companies, he proceeded to pick up stock of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, the capital stock of which is \$55,000,000, the total system comprising over 5,000 miles of road. Gates heard that the management of the Louisville & Nashville had sold the newly authorized issues of \$5,000,000 stock in Wall street, without having the certificates in hand. In other words, the shares were sold for short account, the company being in need of funds for completion of the purchase of the Atlanta, Knoxville & Northern. At least, this is the latest Wall street version of the affair. Gates was on the right trail. Here was his opportunity to squeeze millions out of a most sensational deal and leap into fame with both feet. L. & N. shares were quiet for some time, but displayed marvelous activity very suddenly, or as soon as the insiders realized what was going on. The price rose from 105 to 133½, and it would have gone still further, undoubtedly, if Morgan had not stepped in and patched up a truce between the contending parties. Morgan could not afford to have the whole market upset by such tricks and methods. He was opposed, and for very good and substantial reasons, to such maneuvers on the part of Gates and his colleagues. L. & N. insiders were willing to arrange for terms of peace, and both sides began to deposit their holdings of stock with the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. The latter will, of course, expect something for its philanthropic services. Morgan's charity is always profitable. It is now intimated that Morgan controls the destinies of the Louisville and Nashville property; that the Belmonts have lost control and that Gates has retired with the profits. The only question now is: have the Belmonts, who represent the Rothschilds, lost control willingly or unwillingly? It is not very often that the Rothschilds get the worst in a game of this kind. The whole matter has a rather mysterious and perplexing appearance and requires further and more logical explanation. So far as Gates is concerned, of course, everything is plain and clear. He went into the thing for a gamble and met with great success, although he may be disappointed, because Morgan would not allow him to secure his "pound of flesh" from the Belmonts.

Hereafter, railroad managements should keep their eyes open. No railroad seems to be safe, with Gates at large in the country and determined to hold up railroad magnates, whenever opportunity presents itself. The man who, as the New York *Sun* said, the other day, used to sell barbed wire along the Missouri roads, some years ago, is nothing but a highwayman and pursuing methods which are, in principle, in no wise different from those employed by many a fellow doing time in the penitentiary. The only difference is that Gates is doing things on such a large scale and his tactics are so refined and interesting, don't you know.

The whole Gates episode is, as *Huckleberry Finn* re-

marked about the story of Jonah and the whale, "interesting, but tough." Of course, Gates will get his deserts at last. Men of his caliber will sooner or later overreach themselves, as many of his stripe have done before. But, in the meanwhile, he will be admired, by the rank and file of speculators, as a shrewd and successful financier. Nowadays, if you are not successful in such transactions, they call you gambler. If, however, you succeed, you are heralded as the great and astute financier. Success is the thing and the test. And so Gates is the man of the hour in Wall street, the man that created a sensation, scared Morgan and worsted the Belmonts. As things go in this world, it is quite an achievement.

OUT OF SEASON.

BY RODERIC QUINN.

A SERENADE! Nay, Sweetheart, that's not possible; It's out of season, like an old-time bonnet; And out of season, too, the mode to tell Your charm, my rapture, in a Petrarch sonnet.

It might be, ere my song was midway done, and I Stood trembling with the love-thrill of my numbers, Your next-door neighbors would awake and cry A malison on him who broke their slumbers.

Nay, love was meant for two—'tis yours and mine alone; A third might laugh at it, might mar its glory: Those Veronese had whispered had they known A poet listened to their witching story.

The old, old way to tell the old, old story still Is surely best; and love that looks for aiding— E'en though for music's aid—is love that will Die all too soon in spite of serenading.

Sydney Bulletin.

SOCIETY'S REGENERATION.

BY C. W. DE LYON NICHOLS.

The author of the following article is the clergyman who lately made something of a stir in fashionable circles, East and West, by announcing a new list of "The Four Hundred Coroneted Families of the Republic." He has also written a Newport novel entitled "The Decadents." In the following article he pays a remarkable tribute to the influence that merited satire can still exert upon the most self-satisfied social leaders.

THE latest *on-dit* is that society, under the increasing censorship of Mrs. Ogden Mills, seconded by the spirituelle Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has, in a quiet and practical way, joined hands in something of a reaction against a certain sensational segment of *poseurs* moving in the inviolate pale of the One Hundred and Fifty itself. Henry Symes Lehr's existence as a spectacular fad ceased with his pathetic experiment of giving a "Bow-Wow" party at Newport, last season, which was attended by only a solitary representative of the male sex and a few more than two score women, although the invitations were very generally issued, and he is now at work acquiring dignity; so that the advent of "The Imitator" in our midst was both timely and salutary.

Barring Paris, its peculiar habitat, there is no better place in the world to observe the manifold workings of the new-century *motif* than among a certain segment of Newport-New Yorkers, coupled with a few stellar representatives of the dramatic profession. As a psychological and reflective character study in the social, moral and artistic phases of this new-century tendency, giving color to what French analysis of the times terms the Dust of Nations, "The Imitator" holds the magic mirror up to nature with a fidelity and epigrammatic crispness unrivaled by any similar New York society novel of the century.

To point the moral or index, as it were, certain twentieth century metropolitan conditions, set forth with such trenchant realism in the pages of "The Imitator," even the plots of whole groups of our current plays on the boards in

New York City, in contrast to those of the heroic *regime* of only two decades ago, attest a marked degree of decadence and lapsing from vigorous standards. The fault is not that of the playwright or actors, as the drama is the reflection of its environment; the fault is the people's.

Both the exponent and the resultant of the new-century *motif* betray themselves in the various stigmata of mental and bodily degeneration. In metropolitan social life, a somewhat prolific cause of this mental and physical anomaly has, among our families of the *ancien regime*, often arisen from intermarriages of blood relationship within almost forbidden degrees, as in Europe. With the *jeunesse doree* of our luxurious multi-millionaires, high living and unwonted leisure, which ordinarily require generations of preparation, act as deteriorating and dislocating element. This process of degeneration, whose successive stages are diagnosed and brought home to the unscientific reader through the medium of the clear-cut literary style of "The Imitator," does not, in its statistics, to any large extent, affect the middle class of society—our genuine Americans, the nation's prop and fulcrum, and salutary indeed is it that our world of fashion is constantly being recruited from the upper middle class, although the severe apprenticeship served by most of these aspirants for republican coronets would tend to crush the self-respect out of finer and more conservative organisms.

"The Imitator," from start to finish, is stamped with the hall-mark of cognizance of its realistic counterparts and *milieu* in social, pseudo-literary and dramatic life and is obviously written from the inside—from behind the scenes—and not by one who has merely mastered the "literature" of the subject. The character of *Reggie Hart* is not at all overdrawn and its realism is causing the book to create a ripple in the smart set in New York, and it will be widely read at Newport the approaching season. The supposed skit on Richard Mansfield, in "The Imitator," is simply inimitable, and that on the coroneted Chicagoan, who dawdles with literature along with an attack of golf hyperaesthesia, is drawn well nigh as cleverly.

The new-century *motif* on which the novel under consideration forms a running commentary, without having recourse to the impedimenta of commentaries—foot notes, is in some of its correlates akin to genius, but in others tends towards the nihilism of all ethical codes, the anarchy of high life, quite as much to be shuddered at as that of the masses. What mental panacea or sort of moral sanitarium, then, can be recommended for this state of mind, or how can its incipient stages be arrested?

Eliminating the factor of heredity from the problem, the methods of educating young people intended to move in ultra smart society could be vastly improved; that of young women under the governess system being especially faulty, as often administered to the pampered and dictatorial children of the multi-millionaire. On the other hand, there is no surer safeguard for a young woman's moral future than a serious, studious girlhood.

If a young man of an ultra-fashionable family attends college, for his well being, it would be vastly better if an institution be selected where the curriculum is not a mere caudal appendage to the courses in athletics, and where a real, old-fashioned love for books and study is fostered. No matter if the young collegian's smart friends dub such an ideal institution "fresh water" and provincial. While a college education is absolutely indispensable for an ecclesiastic, I totally differ from Mrs. Astor in its being a necessity in order for a man to be a gentleman. I have known as many typical gentlemen who were not college-bred, as I have among those who could boast an academic *alma mater*. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, who stands forth among the most exacting critics in both the ultra smart and Knickerbocker coteries of metropolitan society as, *par excellence*, the courtly, polished gentleman.

We look more or less to the sane and exuberantly healthy West to save our ultra smart society from the pernicious effects of the new-century, to any one of whose practical expo-

nents one feels like retorting as a literary man once did to an English divine upon being asked whether he had read his "Descent Into Hell:" "Sir, I have not read your 'Descent Into Hell,' but I would like to see it."

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE was the most widely known, the most industrious and the richest working clergyman in the world. There may have been more exalted, more revered, even wealthier ecclesiastics than Talmage, but they were popes, princes of the church, administrative prelates or men of rare and luminous self-sacrifice. Talmage was none of these. He fabricated his own celebrity, charted his own course, made his own money. Sect and dogma were mere incidents with him. His seldom incursions into the field of controversy never trenched upon theological grounds. He might have been a Congregationalist, a Baptist, a Universalist, an Episcopalian or a Unitarian for all the influence he had among the theologians and ritualists of his day. He began as a Dutch Reformist. It has been said that he turned Presbyterian because he did not want to be saddled with the business of the vestryman and the presbyter. It is more probable that he espoused Presbyterianism because he saw within its fold "an opening" for his mounting ambitions and irrepressible enterprise.

He lived a life of ceaseless industry, perpetual alertness and continual self-assertion. He died the best paid, the best advertised and the least mourned clergyman of the list of great American pulpiteers. Probably he was a good, even a very good, man. Certainly he preached very good lessons. But the goodness of him was sonorous and wordy, for he did nothing during fifty years of his life but talk. In all that time he added nothing to the store of spiritual discovery, explored no untrodden fields of spiritual research, penetrated none of the vapors which hang between the promise and the fulfillment of Holy Writ. It is not of record that he leaves any tokens of a deep and unselfish philanthropy. He did not go among the lowly, the outcast and the poor with messages of love and light, nor did he yield any years of his busy life to the squalid warrens of the sick, the vicious, the abandoned.

He was good, eminent, successful—by word of mouth. He appealed chiefly to the selfishness of men through their fancy and their reason. He gave them chalk-talks of paradise and ranted righteousness at them. The Bible was his hive and dairy, and his mouth flowed milk and honey. He dramatized the gospels and impersonated God and the Devil by turns for the edification of people who will not go to church to be bored. He modernized the Scriptures, showed Dives and Lazarus in a Wall street scenario and applied the Apocalypse to the Tenderloin. He was Beecher bereft of the poetic inspiration; he was Sam Jones innocent of the crass banalities of the vulgarian.

It was in 1869, in his first Brooklyn church, that he essayed those theatrical antics which placed him at last upon the top crest of prosperity by giving the blase churchgoers of New York a new sensation. On that critical occasion, he commenced wisely by avoiding the narrow confines of a pulpit and choosing the spacious arena of the church platform. When the congregation had been comfortably disposed for a first impression of its new preacher, Mr. Talmage walked impressively to one end of the platform, buttoned up his coat, gave a leap into the air, threw his arms into wild gesticulations and, without a word, pranced, pirouetted and plunged across the boards like a maniac rushing towards a precipice. A suppressed gasp of astonishment told him that he had made an impressive *entree* and then he stepped calmly to the center of the stage and said in sepulchral tones:

"Young man, you are rushing to destruction!"

Sam Jones and John Alexander Dowie use the same or similar methods with almost equal success. But Talmage invented it, so far as I can discover, and he should be entitled to the full credit. This kind of ecclesiastic solo-

vaudeville is odious to an old-fashioned minority, but the great Talmage played to the majority always, and he won. How many souls he saved by this scriptural knockabout turn, I do not know. Such statistics cannot be made up yet, but it is certain that during the rest of his career the theatrical managers, especially of the 10-20-30 houses, regarded him with awe and even terror. Of the financial aggrandizement which acceded to both Talmage and the Brooklyn Tabernacle with the presentation of the new departure in exhortation, the world has long since known. The holy place was razed by fire time and time again, but the ready purses of its delighted patrons upreared it again and again in ever increasing splendor. Talmage's salary was finally increased to \$12,000 a year. He was paid \$10,000 to syndicate his sermons, a religious paper gave him \$5,000 more to permit his name to be printed at the top of its editorial column, his Board of Presbyters sent him to Europe and even Major Pond induced him to take a plunge into the cool thousands waiting in the lecture deeps.

And yet, with all his admirable qualities as an actor, an adapter, a playwright, a property-man and a purveyor of spiritual amusement, I am most edified by Mr. Talmage's almost occult power as a press-agent. He was very proud of it himself. Of his wondrous earning ability he was always assertive to the point of boasting, insisting that he could earn \$1,000 every day of the year if he liked, but he well knew that his fame rested chiefly upon his exploitation in the daily newspapers, and from his first experiment to the day when he administered compulsory baptism to a tramp, whom he caught wandering by the banks of the Jordan, he planned, managed and manned his own press bureau.

In telling the story of his life he once said:

"Feeling called upon, fifteen years ago, to explore underground New York city life, that I might report the evils to be combated, I took with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that needed removal and the allurements that endangered our young men. There came upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That explosion put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents, from North, South, East and West; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the gospel that otherwise would never have been opened. Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on amusements, and a false report of what I did say roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirk and pistol and other forms of extinguishment, until the chief of the Brooklyn police, without any suggestion from me, took possession of the church with twenty-four policemen to see that no harm was done."

I think the line, "There came upon me an outburst of assumed enthusiasm" is the key-note of Talmage's whole success as a preacher, if preacher he was in the old sense. In describing that episode some men would have said "I assumed an enthusiasm" or "this outburst of enthusiasm was assumed" for this, or that, purpose. But not so Talmage. I can see him roll his eyes with all the self-delusion of enacted sincerity as the stately sentence rolled from his generous mouth: "There came upon me an outburst, etc." In his dealings with the press he dropped naturally into all the exigencies and subterfuges of the resourceful editor. Many of the sermons which appeared for years in the Monday morning newspapers as cables from foreign cities had been written and forgotten by the preacher months before. Some of them were never delivered at all.

From the Holy Land, whither the great Brooklyn divine had sojourned, there came a story that a wayfarer there, recognizing the clerical traveler by his pictures, came in great earnestness to beseech him to baptize a lowly, but repentant, sinner. And thereat Mr. Talmage led the astray into the purling waters that had laved the legs of John and Jesus and gave unto him the birthright of a Christian. And from the remotest land into which he wandered always there came to the telegraph editors of the world

"good copy" in which the name of T. De Witt Talmage shone with some new and great luster.

Talmage would have been a success in almost any trade or profession. He had a capacity for work, a concentration of habit, an appreciation of men and a knowledge of the value of money that meant triumph no matter in which channel directed. He was a good mimic, a close bargainer and a thorough believer in himself. When he acted he deluded himself first; when he argued he first convinced himself; when he trafficked he never got the worst of it. Unlike most men of God, he was very wise in temporal affairs. He dealt largely and profitably in Brooklyn mortgages and, although he was twice married and begot many children, his estate will reach to a worth of seven figures. Throughout his active career he steered as clear of the flesh and the devil as most good men. He did not believe in evading the world of men and things about him, preferring to go after them righteously with the Bible in one hand and a business contract in the other. He was to religion what P. T. Barnum was to the circus, what Jack Haverly was to minstrelsy, what W. J. Bryan was to politics. In life he had his traducers, but they were of his own spiritual associates. He was tried by a jury of Presbyters upon a charge of "falseness and deceit," and but five of his six judges voted against him. The best that can be said of him is that he worked, worked as few men of his cloth have worked, let his reward be what it will.

May he rest in peace.



BALLADE OF TIN TOMTITS.

BY H. S. CANFIELD.

WHERE are the screeds of yester year,
The woozy tales of wine and war,
Those chronicles of stale, small beer,
That gleaming "Helmet of Navarra?"
Dick Carvel I. hath wandered far
From his pasteboard colonial hall;
Dead, with his hat on, Dick II. lies—
Into the night go one and all.

Where be those stalking lovers queer—
"Gadzooks! Ads oons! Adsod! Ods war?"
Gone soundless, senseless to the sere,
Forgotten land of weak "Lazarre!"
Doth any hand unlock the bar
That shuts them in, or lift the pall
Which hides their putty features? Nay,
Into the night go one and all.

The "Black Wolf's Breed" is yapping clear,
"Du Mailly" struts with many a scar,
While Molly Johnston's heroes sneer
And flash their writhing blades, but, Ha!
The grinning public says "Ta-ta!"
No longer swarms it at the call
Of fattened publishers; woe's them!
Into the night go one and all.

"Charles Brandon"—erst to maidens dear—
Doth pule unheeded, and the car
Of triumph bearing Weyman's gear
Hath lost a wheel. We hear from far
Faint echoes out of "Zenda." Bah!
Full many a donkey in his stall
An Arab seems. By cock and pye,
Into the night go one and all!

ENVOY.

Bill, let us drink! The passing day
Sees many such. Old Rabelais
Is with us still. We wet his page
Which laugheth from another age.
I drink to him; I drink to you;
To Fielding and to Smollett, too.
To them we'll clink our canakins
Who gave us men, not manikins.

WRITING REVOLUTIONARIES.

SOME AMERICANS WHO STARTLE LITERARY CONVENTIONS.

THE untrammelled is still the pose that appeals to London as the most typically American. The red shirt and the top-boots of Joaquin Miller, the disheveled exuberance of Walt Whitman, are still what London loves to think the symbols of our most fitting efforts in letters. Just at present there is a distinct trend toward admiring the staccato style of writing; the prose that infringes on poetry; the poetry that is as void of melody, as uncouth in form, as a step-ladder. To us there is little new in these tricks. Sometimes, as in Mr. W. T. Larned's "Women's Woes in Paris," one of the features of the Easter MIRROR, there is an attempt at rhyming these staccato utterances. One need recall only the opening of that:

Land's sake
An' Hully Gee,
Paree!
You take
The pot
And
You beat the band
For show—
Or mebbe so
For what
Had oughter not.
But—Honi Soit,
Etcetera.

Mr. William J. Lampton has been working this vein for years. His volume, "Yawps," should entertain London immensely, if the formless is what London is seeking. And judging by the *Academy and Literature*, the uncouth product of our most rebellious thinkers is a star attraction just now; the weekly paper named has offered a prize of a guinea for the best piece of writing in the style of one of Mr. Ernest Crosby's brief compositions. The *Academy and Literature* declares it to be "a Whitmanesque form, which, in the difficulty of describing it as prose or poetry, we are tempted to call prosetry and its performances as prosems."

Neither "prosetry" nor "prosem" is likely to find its way to currency. We are "long" on awkward phrases already, and chary to add to the surplus. The London weekly is a little hazy in its facts; it declares that Mr. Crosby, as well as "T," the mysterious dogmatist, is to be found in the columns of the *Boston Conservator*. The paper in question is not published in Boston. "T" is Mr. Horace Traubel. Here follows the Crosby production for an equal to which the London weekly offers a prize:

ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

A starry night on the Suez Canal!
I am standing on the forward deck of a tramp steamer, talking with the glib, young French employe of the canal company who manages the searchlight.
I am the only passenger on board, and all the ship's officers and crew, not on duty, are at supper.
We two are in the shadow behind the great box which belches forth radiance before us.
The bowsprit and white rail and tarred ropes stand out with unnatural distinctness in the glare.
Beyond them the widening streak of brilliance silvers the everlasting desert, threaded by the straight, black waterway.
We steam slowly, ponderously southward, and our yawning monster of light devours ever new stretches of sand, and casts the remnants behind him in the dark.
Now he unearths a miniature Bedouin encampment on the right—two tents and as many camels.
One of the beasts, tethered, browses on tufts of desert herbage like a live pyramid.
The other sleeps recumbent in the sand like a pyramid fallen in ruins.
The lord of the tents comes out into the night to look at us, and his outline has all the dignity of an Abraham or a Moses.
"How strange it is," I say, dreamily, to my companion, "how strange it is to think that across this very wilderness, looking just as it does to-night, the children of Israel once journeyed!"
"Yes," said he, "and you Arab is nearer to Moses than we are to him."
"Ah, I am not so sure of that," I say to myself, while he busies himself with his wires.
Are we really so unlike Moses, the man who, with his mys-

terious searchlight, led forth into the desert to find the Promised Land?

Would he acknowledge any kinship to himself, except in eternals, in the changeless contented Bedouin?

What better representative of our modern world could there be than this steamer of ours, traversing the waste of the ages with its metallic tread, carrying its stokers and feasters in its belly, with only my friend and me visible beneath the sky to do duty as the poet and reformer?

There they are, ever at the prow with their electric light, searching the same desert for the same elusive Promised Land, and ready to signal back, on the very clouds of heaven to the loitering hosts in their wake, such discoveries as may reward their vigils.

Ah, it is often chilly, hungry work, and now and again they would fain go below and sup with the rest, or even help to shovel coal into the glowing furnace.

They ask with Moses: "Who are we that we should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

They would gladly encamp in idleness forever with the eternal Arab under the eternal stars.

But the God of Moses is still in the desert, and the cry of his children still comes to him, and still he chooses his unwilling servants to renew the endless journey to the land of milk and honey, forever receding before their searchlight in the distance.

Here is a specimen of Mr. Horace Traubel's work in this sort, from a longer work entitled, "The Friend Had Not Come:"

All across the earth I heard the voices of men acknowledging the reign of friendship.

The acclaim of the courtier, the trumpeted glory of the state, left the silences without a fatherland.

Friendship was on its throne issuing orders—the friend was banished beyond the royal favor.

And here in the dust before the ruler were all my ladies and gentlemen, cultivated ripely in the humors of the court, and here were the lauded civilities which figure in the reports of virtue for conclusive assets:

But, strangely enough, though friendship overlorded the earth, and though desert courtesies passed for orchards of fruit, the friend was still absent, the friend was not yet pardoned and received—

The friend, cherished against the "profit" of the crown, still lingering aloof in the hills, waiting a summons unspoken.

Mr. Crosby has become personally well-known, in New York especially. He is full of vigorous theories, vigorously expressed. He is in evidence at all meetings and speech occasions where socialism is in the air. He is kin to Edwin Markham. Mr. Traubel lives in New Jersey; his *Conservator* hails from Philadelphia.

A writer who deserves rank with all the above mentioned revolutionists against literary form and conventional thought is Mr. Henry D. Muir. In his volume, simply entitled "Songs" there are, besides a quantity of poems adhering to ordinary metrical form, some fifty pages devoted to what he terms "Chop Sooy: Being a rather incongruous mixture of allegory, fable, satire, metaphysics and sheer nonsense." Mr. Muir, it appears from that, has, like Mr. Lampton, humor. But he has more to say than Mr. Lampton. He is as profound as the more solemn thinkers liked by London, but his laugh is ready. He concludes his Whitmanesque divagation from precedent with something perilously near paradox. Observe this:

LIFE'S MOSAIC.

I was reading Nietzsche.
On that page
The weak ones were stroked not;
Strength was the god
Sole to be incensed
On earth.
Lo, this thought came to me—
That priest and that scribe,
The palé buzzers, the dilettanti,
All lifted the hands of a palsied impotency
They'd captioned "Life."
Which fell back again on their idol,
When released,
Clanging base metal inanely.
And as I read,
Sounded near the clangors of metals,—
Hollow and false,
But soon I looked from the window,
Saw the tiniest blades verdant 'neath oak-trees,
Daintily cowering field-flowers, and unbashful roses,
A fluttering of butterflies, a far sweep of sea-gulls,

A mosaic of beautiful weak things and beautiful strong things all over the earth:

So I put aside my philosopher,
And I went out for a walk.

And this:

YE CURIOUS ONES.

I have shelved as absurd fallacy
Of youth,
As veriest moon-drift of error,
The idea that this, our world is, globular
In shape.
Nay, is it not humped plainly
A mass interrogative?
And does it not busy ever among
The regardless, 'quiring stars,
Asking questions?

For of us, what creature,
On the most cautious of days,
Can avoid the gauntlet and spear-throwers?
Do not the myriad prying, nipping little shafts
Glance from door, window, street, corridor, conveyance,
Everywhere?

What man of the polite town
Can change the color of his neck-gear
From brilliant flamingo-red to a peacock-green
Without a hundred eyes flashing their
Interrogation?

Can a man of the countryside
Trundle modestly adown the rutted road
A new-bought wheelbarrow
And not a dozen tongues inquire
(More or less pertinently)
The price?
What person, riding the stresses of life alone,
Rafted frailly on narrow float
Of bread and cheese,
Is not asked to explain manifold reasons
For not taking a partner on board
And steering blithely for the uncharted matrimonious
Seas?
Who may—

But I have shelved forever
That most absurd error of mine,
That this, our world, is spherical
In shape.
Hereafter, it shall continue to revolve,
In my mind's eye,
As a hump-backed mass interrogative,
Busying grotesquely among
The beautiful regardless stars,
Asking questions.

Mr. Henry Muir, it is found from his volume, lives in Gross Point, Illinois. None of the men refusing to observe the ordinary laws of rhyme and form has surpassed him. His volume is hardly known. If London is setting the fashion toward this type of literary revolutionist, Mr. Muir cannot be overlooked.

Percival Pollard.

THE HEART'S IRONY.

BY H. EVANS.

TWO women sat on a park seat watching a Sunbeam—a tiny dot with golden curls in a blue frock—bobbing here and there in the sunlight. Every now and then she would bring some treasure for "muvver to mind." The eyes of the mother and the old maid followed her. As she came running towards them again, the old maid's hand went out awkwardly to caress her. The child stopped and stared at her wonderingly. The hand still went on nervously smoothing the golden head.

"Have oo dot an little dirl like me?" The stiff mouth smiled feebly.

"Why don't oo det one?"

There was no answer. A red flush stained the old maid's face. The hands plucked timidly at the dull frock. The little one ran on into the sunlight.

Both women were silent. Then the mother:

"You musn't mind——"

"Mind? Oh, God! I would give everything I possess to have a little one of my own like her. My arms ache——"

The mother's eyes flashed; then the lips curved bitterly.

"Yes, my friend, you would give everything in the world save one thing."

"Everything, I say—What?"

"Your Respectability."

The eyes clashed, and the woman went on:

"Listen. All my life I have lived in the midst of temptations, and God alone knows how many I had, and how I resisted them, till he came, and I loved him—he loved me, too, but with a man's love. He is the little one's father; he pleaded—and I—well, surely the recording angel, if there is one, remembers how many temptations I resisted—but the world only remembers that once. Pity me, do not blame me."

"Pity you!" and there was a curious note in the old maid's voice. "Pity you! you have been loved—you have—" Here the eyes with their vague, seeking look, softened, and a wave of emotion broke over the plain face. "His child—Oh, God! I envy you. It is I who should be pitied—I, who was never—tempted!"

The Sunbeam, tired of play, catching a hand of each says, "Tum 'ome."



THE PASSING OF PAN.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

THE thunder rolled, the temples fell,
The startled herds together ran,
A chill wind shook the Asphodel
And silently the great God Pan
Laid by the syrinx as he passed,
Beyond the sunset's afterglow,
Beyond the shadowy waters glassed,
And all the land that loved him so.

Then rose the darkness in a tide
Against the storm-wrack spent and riven,
While through the heavens, far and wide,
The lightning's chariots swift were driven,
And stars within their courses failed,
While seas spread outward like a fan,
And fair Aurora sighed and paled
To witness thus the flight of Pan.

And in each thicket, dell and hedge,
The birds were hushed by lane and hill,
While in their cool retreats of sedge
The frogs' hoarse chorus now was still;
And whistling reeds, that yesternorn
Bent down in gusty caravan,
Stood straight and sharp, as wayside thorn,
And mourned the doom that came to Pan.

Beyond the tops of hoary trees
The clouds, like swans, sailed on the past;
There was no whisper of the breeze
Across the utter silence cast;
No shepherd piped upon his flute,
And Echo, underneath the ban,
In cave and grotto there was mute
Since fate had sealed the lips of Pan.

In mirrored calm the water lay,
No undertone of rippling tune,
No lilt above the pebbles gray,
'Mid rushes tall no liquid croon,
Only a lull by pool and stream
Since first the morning light began,
Yet there was death within this dream
Which, voiceless, yearned for loss of Pan.

And leagues beyond the western rim
His lonely shadow drifted slow,
Like the moon's sickle, wan and dim,
Beyond the sunset's afterglow,
And all the soul of melody
Was lost forevermore to man
When from the groves of Arcady
Journeyed afar the great God Pan.

The Mirror

MACHINE-MADE PLAYS.

BY WILL A. PAGE.

NEVER Before in the history of the theater was it so easy to write a successful play as it is to-day. One has only to follow the patterns of the times, and one is safe.

There are exactly four principal plots which can be used in the construction of a successful play to suit a modern audience. These four plots, I may remark in parenthesis, have done service since the days of the early Greek dramatists, but never before have they been so highly polished and so neatly arranged and catalogued for immediate use. Machine-made plays have attained a vogue which is astonishing, yet I am more astonished at the small number of successful dramatists, than I am at the enormous quantity of successful machine-made dramas. The secret seems so simple; it is strange more experimenters have not discovered it.

Nine principal variations of the four main plots may be detected. Duly arranged on shelves in the dramatic work-room, these plots are:

PLOT I.

Two men, one good, one evil, in love with the same girl. The good man wins the girl by:

- (a) Saving her from the villain's traps.
- (b) Assuming the odium of a disgrace which threatens her or those dear to her.
- (c) Letting the villain's true character reveal itself.

PLOT II.

A good man in love with a good girl. Before he ultimately wins her, they are separated by:

- (a) Some misunderstanding of a personal nature.
- (b) Love across the bloody chasm, war, or family feud.
- (c) Flaws in his character removed by her ennobling influence.
- (d) His assumption of the odium of a disgrace, to save her.

PLOT III.

Two good men in love with the same girl, in which case—

One man sacrifices himself for the sake of the other.

PLOT IV.

A good man in love with another man's wife, in which case—

- (a) The husband is removed by death, suicide or a divorce.
- (b) The wife renounces the good man's love because of duty.

Although the foregoing outline includes practically every possible fundamental proposition upon which a successful play with a happy ending may be evolved, one must not lose sight of the fact that there have been a number of highly successful plays with unhappy endings. Therefore, perhaps, it is best to insert:

PLOT V.

A good man in love with a bad woman, in which case—

- (a) She may renounce his love for the sake of his future.
- (b) He may be involuntarily parted from her, causing a tragedy.
- (c) She may save his life by sacrificing her own.

Every serious drama produced in America, within the memory of the present generation, if it attained any degree of success whatever, can be classified under one of these plots. There have been dramas in which the principal interest centered around some other idea, some unusual climax, or some scenic achievement, yet even in these the thread of one of these five plots will be found.

However much philosophers and cynics may regret it, a play to be successful must be a play treating of the sexes. A play which disregards sex and has no love interest, will never succeed. Yet some very fine dramas, in all respects perfect except for the lack of love interest, have been written. They have ever been produced, but they have failed. Ibsen's plays are literary masterpieces; but

Ibsen has chosen to disregard the instinct of sex, and hence Ibsen has never been played to overflowing houses.

Successful plays must appeal to all classes, the rich in the orchestra seats, the middle class people of the first balcony, the poorer classes of the gallery. There is but one subject which appeals to all classes with equal force—love. And as most men and women in real life have experienced only the most commonplace events, it follows that they prefer ideal pictures of what might have been. Hence the general proposition that the stage must represent the ideal conditions, rather than the real.

Now for your plots. Number I has done service since the Bible. It is the backbone of the drama. Its vogue will never die. So long as theaters exist, we must have the hero, the villain, the heroine. Fortunately the past few years have witnessed the gradual evolution of the villain into the gentleman. Plot number, variation a, still does good service and it never fails to score. It was used to excellent advantage in "Arizona," with variations b and c thrown in for good measure. The same plot, identical in every important respect, will be found in "The Heart of Maryland," "Phroso," "The Moth and the Flame," "A Colonial Girl," "The Forest Lovers," "A Chance Ambassador," and every melodrama ever produced that enjoyed prosperity. The same plot, with new scenery, new costumes and new dialogue, will make fortunes for dramatists yet unborn.

Plot II. is, at present, enjoying more wide-spread favor than even Plot I. The four variations of Plot II. comprehend most of the difficulties that ever beset lovers since Romeo wooed Juliet. Lovers who love but never really discover it until the last act, owing to a misunderstanding, jealousy, another woman, another man, or any trivial device such as ought to be at the fingers' ends of an ingenious dramatist, are to be met with, for instance, in "Quality Street," "Lovers' Lane," "Beaucaire," "A Message From Mars," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Under the Red Robe," "A Royal Family," "Miss Hobbs," "Trelawney of the Wells," "The Song of the Sword," "The Tyranny of Tears," "The First Violin," "Lord and Lady Algy," "The Christian," "The Degenerates," "The Maneuvers of Jane," and countless other comedy dramas. It makes no difference whether the lovers be married or unmarried—only as a rule unmarried lovers are more interesting. Variation b is almost deserving of being called a special plot, as it is used so frequently. The very finest specimen of love across the bloody chasm, was "Secret Service." This also contained variations c and d, and there was also some suggestion of Plot I. From which it may be gathered that a story with half a dozen threads of plot is better than a story which follows but a single theme too closely.

Plot III. is generally called the renunciation theme. A certain manager of reputation will not produce a play unless the element of renunciation is introduced. The hero must sacrifice himself or his emotions in some manner, to satisfy this manager. The ideal use of Plot III. is found in "The Second in Command." A more beautiful version of the plot is found in "Cyrano de Bergerac." In "The Only Way" and in "Beau Brummel," the element of renunciation contributed materially to the enduring success of the plays. The element of renunciation is to-day the strongest factor in the success of a play. If, in a reasonable manner and without straining the imagination, the hero or the heroine does something noble, good and heroic, by which some one else will profit, then it will have to be a very bad play to fail absolutely.

Plot IV. is possibly not entirely necessary, as a separate classification, since the first variation could properly be comprehended in the division designated as Plot I. and the second variation could be included in Plot III. But owing to the fact that some of our modern dramatists think highly of the plot, and have lately used it frequently, I have concluded to insert it here. The plot may be found in "The Climbers," "Miranda of the Balcony," "The Way of the World," "A Marriage of Convenience," "Divorcons," and in many other plays.

As for Plot V., its finest use was in "Camille." Its variations appear in "Zaza," "Du Barry," "Under Two Flags," "The Marriage Game," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "When we were Twenty-one" and "Sapho." These plays succeeded, not because of a happy ending, but because vice was treated from the standpoint of the ideal. Those who waded through the mire did not escape unbesmirched. Your gallery boy and your respected citizen in the orchestra stalls, each knows that the wages of sin must be paid. But the final atonement of a wicked woman tended to glorify her and made one forget the evil. This is the very finest and most ideal use of the renunciation theme, another variation of which is set forth in Plot III.

To conclude, the typical successful play must be a portrait of the ideal life, it must show people as they should be rather than as they are, it should, if possible, introduce the element of renunciation, it should make the leading characters do something noble (because we are not noble in real life and we know it) and finally, it should not be too original. If it is, our audiences will not understand it. They have been seeing the same old things done in the same old way for so many years, that they prefer antiquity to novelty. All they ask is that the old plots be carefully dusted and renovated, and that the frame be newly gilded. Let any author of average ability observe these simple rules, and he can turn out more successful plays in one season than Mr. Clyde Fitch has evolved in a decade. I believe that, by observing these principles, a fairly competent writer might construct a successful play in a day, with the assistance of several stenographers.

"But," I think I can hear my readers say, "If the trick is so easy, why do you yourself refrain from writing some of these successful plays?"

Ah, ladies and gentlemen. Excuse me. The cook who sees how the broth is made loses his appetite.

THE HAPPY HOTCHPOTTERS.

In a fashionable public diningroom on a Sunday evening, filled, as is usual, with a motley mob of entertainers and entertained. At one of the small tables the "dernier cri" in Corinthians is regaling a Boeotian, in the person of an elder brother, lately returned from a somewhat lengthy residence in the Klondike.

THE CORINTHIAN: Enjoying yourself, Jack?

THE BOEOTIAN: Immensely . . . This sort of place is a revelation to me . . . Twenty years ago it wouldn't have been possible to bring ladies out to dine at a public restaurant, would it?

THE CORINTHIAN: No, indeed! But fashions change so rapidly, and imperceptibly now that it must strike you more than it does me.

THE BOEOTIAN (looking round him): Half the town must be here to-night.

THE CORINTHIAN (with a smile): Hardly that, old man! . . . Still, it's a fairly representative show . . . Dear, dear! (With a shrug) What a hotchpot society is becoming!

THE BOEOTIAN: They all seem very pleased with themselves.

THE CORINTHIAN: And why not? Next to being stared at oneself, there is nothing so interesting as staring at others.

THE BOEOTIAN: Does this go on every night?

THE CORINTHIAN: Certainly . . . To entertain in one's own house is now considered quite *démodé*; it betokens a limited income, and a circle of frumpish friends, and no self-respecting host would dare to run the risk of such imputations.

THE BOEOTIAN: Is there no home life left?

THE CORINTHIAN: Very little . . . I believe some few instances may be found among the well-to-do middle-class who have not yet been obliged to part with their *entrée* dishes, but practically, *c'est fini*.

BOEOTIAN (sadly): How terrible!

THE CORINTHIAN: This is the day of personal advertisement . . . We do all things in public; our eating, our drinking, our washing (even of dirty linen)—every-

Nugent's Straw Matting

A Long Time Ago

We gave our orders for Japanese and China Mattings. They have been made—are now here—one of the largest and best stocks we ever had.

By importing them ourselves we got them very cheap—add to this our cash-buying system.

You can depend on it—that you can buy matting here at the lowest price in the city.

2,000 Rolls China Mattings—40 yards in a roll and 36 inches wide—
at.....\$3.25 Roll

(Measure your room.)

2,500 rolls of China Mattings, 40 yards in a roll, 36 inches wide—
at.....\$5.00 Roll

(Measure your room.)

It does not take much to cover it, then think how cool, clean and nice it'll be for the summer.

3,000 rolls China and Japanese Mattings, 36 inches wide, 40 yards in a roll,
at.....\$7.75 Roll

1,800 rolls Japanese Mattings, 40 yards in a roll, 36 inches wide—at.....\$9.75 Roll

1,500 rolls Japanese Mattings, plain or figured, 40 yards in a roll, 36 inches wide—
at.....\$11.75 Roll

1,250 rolls Japanese Mattings, plain or figured, 40 yards in a roll, 36 inches wide,
at.....\$18.75 Roll

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company. Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

thing, in fact, except sleeping—although some of us almost do that.

THE BÆOTIAN: And wherefore, pray?

THE CORINTHIAN: To get ourselves paragraphed in the papers, which is the end of every one's desire.

THE BÆOTIAN: An age, indeed, of unrest and excitement.

THE CORINTHIAN: Engendered by too much lucre, and its twin-brother, luxury, which makes for idleness and levity—by the admission of gilded goats among the sacred sheep in the social pen Try this *mousse de jambon*!

THE BÆOTIAN (after a pause): I suppose, Bertie, you know everybody here, more or less, don't you?

THE CORINTHIAN: That's rather a large order, isn't it?

THE BÆOTIAN: I think people should carry their names about with them, like the old-fashioned labels on the decanters of our youth You would then know who they are.

THE CORINTHIAN: Which in most cases would be absolutely superfluous. One knows every one, at any rate, by sight—I mean every one who counts—and for the outsiders it really doesn't matter what their names are.

THE BÆOTIAN: Come, Bertie, don't be so hypercritical. . . . You might give me the benefit of some of your knowledge, and tell me which are the celebrities Remember how long I have been away I don't see a single face here I ever saw before.

THE CORINTHIAN: Or one you'd ever care to see again.

THE BÆOTIAN: I'm not so sure about that.

THE CORINTHIAN: (amused): Well, begin your catechism. . . . What is his, or her, name—M. or N.?

THE BÆOTIAN: I'll begin with a "her" then Now, who is that strikingly handsome woman to our right, covered with those wonderful jewels and her hair so oddly dressed? See the one I mean? Is she a society queen?

THE CORINTHIAN: Silly old man! Society queens don't get themselves up like that when they come out to dine They don't need the *rèclame* Try again!

THE BÆOTIAN (timidly): A dancer? A singer?

THE CORINTHIAN (encouraging): That's much more like it.

THE BÆOTIAN: But how do you know her? Is she among those who "count"?

THE CORINTHIAN: Very much so. . . . The popular dramatic artist of the moment is a *specialite* of society's stock-in-trade. . . . A certain *objet de luxe*.

THE BÆOTIAN (glancing admiringly at the lady in question): An *objet de "looks"* in this case—eh?

THE CORINTHIAN: My dear Jack, never give way to the habit of punning. . . . It is the beginning of the end of many a well-considered career. . . . Next, please.

THE BÆOTIAN: Well, now, see that couple on our left? . . . The faked-up female with the fresh-looking boy. . . . They rather stagger me. . . . Surely, not husband and wife?

THE CORINTHIAN: Good heavens, no! Husbands and wives are never seen *en tête-à-tête* at a restaurant. . . . It isn't considered respectable.

THE BÆOTIAN: ? ? ?

THE CORINTHIAN: There must be something very detrimental to the social prestige of a woman who can only find her own husband willing to feed her in public. . . . No, those two are Mrs. Ashmore-Wells and young Agonistes, her pet stock-broker. . . . She's cutting off his curls for all they're worth, you bet.

THE BÆOTIAN: I don't quite follow you.

THE CORINTHIAN: Getting "tips" from him all along the line.

THE BÆOTIAN: And what, pray, does he get in return for his "tips"?

THE CORINTHIAN: Oh, his commission—and certain pleasing perquisites.

THE BÆOTIAN (opening his eyes): Such as—

THE CORINTHIAN: Invitations of all sorts, even to country houses. . . . She carries him about with her wherever she goes. . . . She's always at one end of the tape when he's at the other. . . . She's got a telephone box over her bed, into which he can pour his "quotations" from Wall street while she's having her first cup of coffee. . . . I think that's all I can tell you about them. . . . Next, please.

THE BÆOTIAN (after he has recovered his breath): That seems a cheery party at the round table behind the door. . . . No flies there, eh?

THE CORINTHIAN: Only gad-flies.

THE BÆOTIAN: Meaning?

THE CORINTHIAN: People who are never at home. . . . Who worry round from one eating-house to another. . . . Delmonico's for lunch—the Waldorf for tea—dinner, here—supper, elsewhere.

THE BÆOTIAN: They seem to be enjoying themselves.

THE CORINTHIAN: Well, you see, the champagne has been round twice or thrice it's wonderful how sparkling wine makes the tongue wag. . . . There would be no pleasant intercourse without it. . . . Kummel al-

ways makes for kindness See that woman who's giving the party in which you're interested?

THE BÆOTIAN: The one in black, with the seven diamond stars?

THE CORINTHIAN: Like the Pleiades. . . . Well, she's the latest rich widow—relict of a millionaire bottle-washer. . . . She's getting on—got a well-known clubman on either side of her; and the girl with the golden hair and turquoises is a celebrated beauty. . . . The woman in green velvet and Limerick lace is the finest bridge-player in New York; dresses for dinner directly after lunch, so that she mayn't be disturbed in her game when the first gong rings. . . . The young man with the wavy hair and the pearl *solitaire* is an agile attache who leads cottillons. . . . For the others, they've all got their names on the sacred list, except Snapshots.

THE BÆOTIAN: Who?

THE CORINTHIAN: The fellow who's making them all laugh. There, now! (as a ripple of merriment rises from the table) he said something shocking in his own sweet way. . . . He's not much to look at, is he? "Little!—but oh my!"

THE BÆOTIAN: And is he happy, too?

THE CORINTHIAN: Perfectly; he gets the best in town for nothing—except his white ties and his cab fares *C'est un joli métier*. . . . Next, please! . . . Hurry up, Jack, old man!

THE BÆOTIAN (shortly): No more, thanks. I think I've had enough—for one evening.

THE CORINTHIAN—I'm afraid the hotchpot doesn't appeal to you—eh?

THE BÆOTIAN: I suppose I'm what you would call "old-fashioned," but I confess that two or three pals, seated round one's own table—

THE CORINTHIAN (cutting in): With fish, joint and cheese—yes, I know; but we've got beyond that. . . . We want *entrees* and *sorties*, and all sorts of theatrical effects for our entertainments, nowadays. . . . In fact, we must have publicity—or we're nowhere. . . . We want to be paragraphed among the "persons taking meals" at such and such a restaurant. . . . That establishes our reputation at once. . . . I'm afraid your depressed, Jack.

THE BÆOTIAN: No, Bertie, no. . . . I think I shall go back to Alaska. . . . We're more natural there.

THE CORINTHIAN: Rats! Come down and sit among the palms and have a smoke. . . . The band is sure to play something lively and you'll wake up after a bit.

C. D. in the Club-Fellow.

MUSIC.

ERNST AND ERNESTINE.

Mr. Alfred Ernst, conductor of the Choral Symphony Society, is preparing for a visit to the *Vaterland*. He sails immediately after the concert to be given soon, for the benefit of the society of which he is the musical director, and on his arrival in Germany, it is his intention to proceed at once to the home of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the eminent operatic contralto. These interesting facts have been published in the local newspapers, together with some even more interesting detail regarding Mr. Ernst's movements while abroad. Now, while this story, and especially the detail, proved to be diverting and mirth provoking, to his St. Louis friends, it had a very different effect upon Mme. Schumann-Heink. The gifted lady communicates to the MIRROR that she is indignant, furiously indignant, about the whole affair. She promises that when Mr. Ernst raises the latch of No. 1 Meissnerstrasse, in the little village of Kottbuschbroda, near Dresden, where dwells the great singer, with her Schumann and the eight pledges of her love for him, the St. Louis musician will meet with a very warm reception. The cordiality that he anticipates may be lacking in his welcome, but Frau Schumann says it will be quite effusive, even demonstrative. Mr. Ernst, declares the lady, has misinterpreted, unwittingly perhaps, but none the less flagrantly, the courtesy an appreciative artist shows a good accompanist, and has allowed a highly-colored, distorted version of a simple invitation given him to call at the Schumann home, to find its way into the public prints—hence her righteous wrath.

It appears that, at the meeting of the "Artists' Guild," at which the celebrated painter, Verestschagin, and several local musical luminaries, were the guests of the Guild, Mr. Ernst, in a violent fit of enthusiasm over himself, occasioned by the approbation accorded his talk on "Parsifal," became quite genially confidential.

He told the members and their guests that on his return from his impending visit to Europe, he would be even better qualified to talk on the great Wagner music drama than he is at present. Mme. Schumann-Heink, he is reported to have said, had pressed him to visit with her and her interesting family at her castle, and also to accompany her to Bayreuth for the opera season, the eminent contralto being desirous of presenting him to Mme. Cosima Wagner, with a view to his conducting at the Bayreuth Opera House.

For this, the motherly Ernestine, like Sarah Gamp, "morally and physically," rises, and denounces him. She possesses no castle, writes she, only her "Villa Tini," a modest little home, for herself, her Schumann, and the eight olive branches, and at this abode of bliss Mr. Ernst has been invited to call, should he find himself in the vicinity of Kottbuschbroda. As for Bayreuth—never! Madame will stand sponsor for no conductors—not even one so eminent as the director of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—nor will she present one to her friend Cosima Wagner. Once upon a time the good-hearted singer introduced to Cosima a musical acquaintance—a celebrated American critic—who enjoyed the hospitality of the widow of the great composer, and upon his return to these shores, proceeded to "roast" Cosima, the opera and Bayreuth, in a series

of articles written for the journal by which he is employed. When Frau Wagner read these accounts of her beloved Bayreuth, and traced them to their source, she reproached Frau Schumann-Heink bitterly, and Ernestine has profited by the unpleasant experience. She declares that Mr. Ernst must have dreamed these coming honors.

And meantime, "out here" in St. Louis, Mr. Ernst puffs his pipe, and sees himself the honored guest of the great singer; sees himself wandering hand in hand with Ernestine to Bayreuth; sees Cosima open her arms and fold him to her "heaving-with-emotion" bosom, pressing into his hand a baton. And then, as the clouds of smoke curl about him, he hears a glorious rendition of "Parsifal," and the great principles, the choristers, the musicians, the vast audience, Cosima—all gaze enraptured at the wonderful conductor. He has come at last—the Heaven-sent director for whom Cosima has prayed—at last, at last

And suddenly he starts—his pipe is out.

PITTSBURG ORCHESTRA CONCERTS.

Victor Herbert, ununiformed, and looking younger and less corpulent than in the Exposition Band concert days, appeared last Sunday for the first time before a St. Louis audience in the capacity of orchestral conductor. The few people that heard his fine orchestra became much enthused, but the rows upon rows of empty chairs must have had a most depressing effect on the genial leader.

The programmes, including the numerous encores, made strange mixtures in which Wagner and rag-time composers formed prominent ingredients.

The feature of especial interest at the afternoon concert was the performance of Mr. E. R. Kroeger's Overture to "Thanatopsis." This strong work was performed by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra four years ago when the Symphony Society's concerts were given in the High School Auditorium, and the favorable impression it made at that time was strengthened by the fine rendition by Mr. Herbert's Orchestra. This composition places Mr. Kroeger in the front rank of contemporary composers. It is spontaneous and inspired, based on beautiful themes developed with much skill. Mr. Kroeger terms this overture a free translation into tone of William Cullen Bryant's celebrated poem. It begins with the solitary philosopher's meditation on the various aspects of death, which is succeeded by a passionate endeavor to escape from its all-powerful influences. This is followed by a quieter mood in which the philosopher resigns himself to share the common fate of all mankind, and a reposeful Coda illustrates the lines:

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

At the evening concert Mr. Alfred Ernst's symphonic poem, "Brugi and Iduna" was finely played. This elaborate work has been too recently performed in St. Louis, under the composer's direction, to require comment at this time.

Several lighter compositions by Victor Herbert found great favor with the audience at this concert.

KREISLER, GERARDY, HOFMANN.

The joint recital was a highly successful affair. The three instrumentalists, who have been heard here separately during the season, combined cleverly in a trio, and their solo work was as delightful as before.

For Wedding Gifts

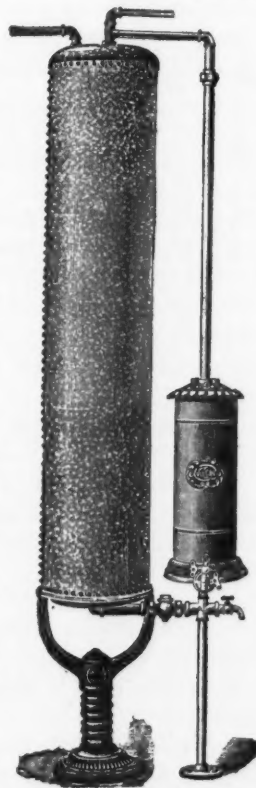
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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. Ben Dieckriede is entertaining the Misses Pope, of Washington, D. C.
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Taylor have gone to housekeeping at 4212 Maryland avenue.
Mrs. Whitfield Russell and her little son have gone for a short visit to Eureka Springs.
The marriage of Miss Rosie Tuholske and Dr. Ernst Jonas will take place on April 30th.
Mr. and Mrs. Adiel Sherwood Dodge have gone to California to spend the spring months.
Count and Countess de Penaloza have just returned from a visit to friends in Ferguson.
Miss Anne Sullivan, of Jefferson City, accompanied by her mother, is visiting St. Louis friends.

Mrs. John N. Drummond, Jr., of Newstead avenue, has just returned from a visit to friends in Alton.

Mrs. Stockwell Dudley, has just returned home from a stay of three months in San Antonio, Tex.

Mrs. A. W. Benedict and Miss Jessie Benedict have returned from a visit to relatives in Edwardsville, Ill.

Mrs. John L. Phelps, of Cook avenue, entertained the "Hoosierines," on Tuesday afternoon, with a luncheon.

Mrs. Celeste Pim has gone to Dallas, Tex., to make a visit to friends and attend the Confederate Reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. William Grayson sailed on the 16th, on the *Germania*, for Europe, where they will spend four or five months.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Russell sailed, last week, on the *Deutschland*, for Europe, where they will spend several months in travel.

Mrs. Charles Cummings Collins, of Webster Groves, is entertaining her sister, Miss Katharine Collins, of Little Rock, Ark.

Mrs. George P. Jones, of Westminster place, will give a tea, on Saturday afternoon, to young ladies in honor of Miss Louise Chappelle.

Mrs. Leroy Valliant, accompanied by her son, Mr. John Valliant, left last week for Dallas, Tex., where they will attend the Confederate reunion.

Mrs. Bertha Chouteau Turner gave a reception for young ladies, last week, in honor of her daughter, Miss Bertha Turner, and her guest, Miss Higgin, of Chicago.

Mrs. George P. Jones, of Westminster place, will entertain a number of young girls with a tea, on Saturday afternoon, in honor of Miss Louise Garrison Chappelle.

Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Smith will soon close their Locust street home, and go on with their family to Castleton, Vermont, where they have just built a country home.

Mrs. George Winthrop Peabody, of Chicago, accompanied by her husband, is spending some time in St. Louis with her sister, Miss Adelaide Hedegaarde, of Lindell boulevard.

Mrs. W. B. Anderson, of Hotel Beers, gave a large euchre party on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of the club of which she is a member. Forty ladies contested for the prizes.

Mrs. Bryan Snyder, of 4106 Westminster place, has sent out cards for a reception, on Tuesday, April 29th, from four to six o'clock. Mrs. Peter J. Willis, of Galveston, Tex., will be the guest of honor. Mrs. Willis is Mrs. Bryan Snyder's mother.

Mrs. Huntington Smith entertained about thirty ladies, last week, in honor of Mrs. Ponceford, of Cincinnati, who has been her guest for some time. Mrs. Ponceford entertained the ladies with several humorous and pathetic sketches, and Mrs. Huntington Smith rendered some pleasing musical selections.

Announcement has just been made of the engagement of Mrs. Amelia Cupples Scudder and Mr. Harry Hayward. Mrs. Scudder is the niece and adopted daughter of Mr. Samuel Cupples, and has resided at the Cupples home since the death of her husband, Mr. W. H. Scudder. Mr. Hayward is the son of Col. and Mrs. George W. Niedringhaus, and Miss Florence Hayward. No date has been set for the wedding.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Werth, of Delmar avenue, was the scene of a brilliant reception on Friday evening, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Scott Werth, who have lately returned home from their bridal trip to Hot Springs. Miss Grace Gould and Miss Freda Werth assisted in receiving. Refreshments were served by a bevy of pretty girls daintily gowned, among whom were Misses Emily Gould, Grace and Lulu Huiskamp and Sara Massengale.

The engagement of Miss Georgie Wright and Mr. Charles Parsons Pettus has just been announced to their friends.

Miss Wright made her debut at the Veiled Prophet's ball, being chosen by the Prophet as one of his additional maids of honor. She is the daughter of Mrs. Virginia B. Wright, of Cabanne avenue. Mr. Pettus comes of one of the first families of the city, and a relative and god-son of Mr. Charles Parsons, the well known banker, and a grandson of Mr. Frederick Saugrain, now residing in Sedalia. The wedding will be an event of June.

A quiet home wedding, which took place on Wednesday, was that of Miss Sallie Colladay and Mr. Edgar T. Smith. The ceremony was performed at six o'clock at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Guido Pantaleoni, of Lindell boulevard, in the presence of a small gathering of friends. The bride and groom are enjoying a honeymoon tour.



Warm days presage the advent of summer, and outdoor recreation will supplant indoor amusements. Automobile rides and coaching parties will take the place of pink-teas and lawn tennis supersede ping-pong. The golf links will soon be the favorite resort of men and maids. One of the greatest considerations for comfort and enjoyment in the outdoor life is to have the feet well protected, and this can be done by getting a pair of Swope's shoes, which are the best, for fit, finish, durability and comfort, that can be procured anywhere. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The latest musical comedy of American manufacture, "The Explorers," is the announcement for the Century next Sunday evening. It is claimed that Bert Leston Taylor's lyrics are witty and original. Walter H. Lewis's music is said to be sweet, catchy, tinkling,—the fascinating kind of airs that go happily vibrating in the thoughts of all admirers and are readily whistled and sung. The cast comprises Richard Carle, Edith Hutchins, Knox Wilson, Agnes Paul, Wm. Riley Hatch, Josie Intropidi, Carlton King, Luella Drew, Wm. B. Rock, Rose Leslie, Geo. Romain, Madge and Grace Wallace and a beauty-array of singing and dancing girls.



The patrons of the Standard, this week, were regaled with an entertainment a little above the average in fun and humor, and a little less of the risqué, in the performance of the Watson's Oriental Burlesquers. The girls in their costumes and drills seemed to take well, while Johnny Weber, and eight of the girls gave a burlesque on a schoolroom scene which was very laughable. Next week the Rentz-Stanleys will hold the boards.



Beginning April 28th, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will play a week's engagement at the Olympic Theater. Following are the admirable selections from this clever artist's repertoire, to be presented here: Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray;" "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," by the same author; the Louis H. Parker version of Sudermann's "Magda," and Bjornstjerne Bjornson's "Beyond Human Power."



At a recent ultra-fashionable wedding reception, in Westminster place, one of the guests was heard to exclaim that Bolland's goods seemed to predominate. Seventh and Locust streets.



James Russell Lowell told a story about his butcher. One morning the man expatiated upon the loveliness of the moonlight of the night before, and just as the poet was thinking that he had done him an injustice in never having given him credit for refinement of soul, the butcher added: "The night was so fine I jest couldn't sleep, and had to get up and go to killin'."



"I will tell no more jokes mit Speiglebaure yet. I asked him 'Vy iss a hen?' und vot did he say alretty?"

"Vott iss?"

"He set he couldn't help it!"—*New York Journal.*

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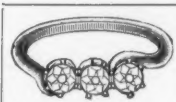
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PARIS AND ITS GINGERBREAD.

The Gingerbread Fair takes up the whole of the Place de la Nation and overflows into the Avenue de Vincennes and the Boulevard Voltaire, for when the workers of East Paris make merry they demand a great deal of space wherein to do so.

The merry-go-rounds and stalls in the Place de la Nation are somewhat encumbered by the works of the metropolitan extension, which look like a dilapidated switchback.

Along both sides of the avenue and boulevard rows of stalls were piled with gingerbread pigs, with pink sugar faces, gingerbread John Bulls, and, above all, gingerbread Joe Chamberlains, monocle and all.

Then there were cheap-jacks and sweet-stuff women galore.

Nobody makes a purchase in the hackneyed "choose-your-article-and-pay-the-price" way, but the centre of each stall is occupied by a little wheel of fortune, and if a lucky number turns up you get perhaps ten times the value of the half-penny which you paid for your ticket. Even the little ones thus get a first taste of gambling at the hokey-pokey barrow in the Place de la Nation.

In the merry-go-rounds one man mounts his customers on ostriches and leopards, another on automobiles, a third packs them in a toy train and sends them on a trip through a toy Mont Cenis tunnel.

Marck's famous menagerie gives you a chance every hour of seeing a tamer devoured by performing tigers. This is a great attraction. Then there are wax-works, peep-shows, all up-to-date, shooting galleries and camels to ride; and when you are tired of struggling through the thickest, merriest and nicest crowd in the world you can drink beer at a wayside cafe and eat the gingerbread pigs, John Bulls, Boers and monocled Joe Chamberlains.—*London Leader.*



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It was on Irishman who once confessed that he had seriously contemplated committing suicide by hanging himself on a willow tree overhanging a river near his potato patch, but had given up the idea from fear lest the cord should break and he should be drowned.

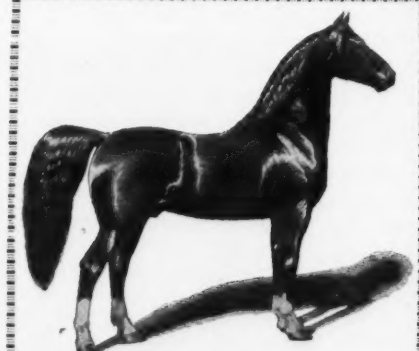
JUST WILD TO TRY THE BATH.

A constituent of one of the Virginia representatives took his first trip to Florida a short time ago. To-day the representative received a glowing letter from the constituent telling of his experiences.

"I am down here in Florida," he wrote, "and I am having a great time. At the hotel they gave me the finest room you ever saw, and just off it is a bath room that is simply great. It has a shiny white tub and silver-plated trimmings, and it looks so fine I can hardly wait until Saturday night."—*New York World.*



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NEW BOOKS.

In a laudable effort to escape from the prose manner of Mr. Henry James, a manner that in her servitude to it had become an obsession, Edith Wharton has entered the Italian province of Mr. Walter Pater, and his lesser echoes. Her new book, of some volume and of more sustained power than what she has hitherto published, is called "The Valley of Decision." It may be easy to suggest that "The Hillocks of Doubt" had been as fit a title; but the ease of the suggestion does not taint its truth. It is little save a transference of what is best in "Marius the Epicurean" to Italian rather than Roman atmosphere. Why an American at this time of to-day should concern herself with reconstruction of a historic period in Italy, when so many nearer periods and places in our own land are still virgin, passes the comprehension of all save such as realize that the instinct of the imitative dilettante is the strongest temperamental quality of many American women. It is useless to deny that there is some graceful prose in "The Valley of Decision," just as it is equally patent that Pater, John Addington Symonds, and many others have already given us the Italian atmosphere with sufficiently accurate as well as picturesque results. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.)

Golf enthusiasts will find "The Golfer's Rubaiyat" an eminently amusing little volume. The author, Mr. H. W. Boynton, has cleverly adopted the famous Persian stanzas to the requirements of the royal and ancient games, as the following few lines will serve to show:

"Wake! for the sun has driven in equal flight
The stars before him from the Tee of Night,
And holed them every one without a Miss,
Swinging at ease his gold-shod Shaft of Light.

The swinging Brassie strikes; and, having struck,

Moves on; nor all your Wit or future Luck
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Stroke,
Nor from the Card a single Seven pluck.

Not even the most devout worshiper of Omar can object to this pleasant perversion, and the little volume with its quaint oriental designs on each page, and its green and red cover, should be in every country-club-house in the land. (H. S. Stone, publishers, New York.)

The book descriptive and historical, to do justice to the past with its romance, and the present with its splendid beauty of so fine a city as Washington, must be a very fine book indeed. But Mr. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, in his two noble volumes on "Washington: The Capital City," has succeeded in writing up to his subject. From the author of that delightful work "Rambles In Colonial Byways" nothing else but a good thing was to have been expected, yet the wealth of information and entertainment in this book on Washington is really astonishing. Perhaps the only complaint one might make is that the modern city, the noble town we grow yearly to realize and appreciate better, is slighted a little in favor of the wealth of history leading up to these latter days. One would scarce have grudged the time necessary to the reading of a third volume, had Mr. Wilson chosen to add one. Small as is the

space allotted to the Washington you and I know, Mr. Wilson has yet, very properly, used some of it to do justice to the man to whom Washington as it is now is in such great measure due, "Boss" Shepherd. There are copious illustrations. Reading "Washington: the Capital City" as it should be read, carefully and lovingly, is to get glimpses of the paramount points of our country's history. (Lippincott Company, publishers, Philadelphia.)

Mr. Lanier McKee in his volume "The Land of Nome," gives in narrative form an account of the rush of fortune-hunters to the El Dorado of Bering Sea, in the summer of 1900 and 1901. He tells of rich placer-gold deposits, of wonderful "strikes," but also of woeful failures; the dreariness and barrenness of the new country and its few pleasing aspects. The exposition of the judicial conspiracy to confiscate "claims" and secure them under one gigantic corporation, its workings and ultimate failure are succinctly yet dramatically recounted. Brief outlines of the laws governing mining in Alaska, its methods of mining and the many cleverly interwoven anecdotes and character sketches combine to make "The Land of Nome" exceptionally interesting. (The Grafton Press, New York, publishers.)

"Aliens," by Mary Tappan Wright, dealing with the social and, to a slight extent, political conditions of a small Southern township, is written for the purpose of disproving the idea of there now being "no North, no South, no East, no West," contending that the Northerner is as much a stranger to the South and her customs, and almost as alienated, as if in some foreign country. Were the Southern characters portrayed supposed to have lived fifty or sixty years ago, one might say they were remarkable for their fidelity, but the author forgets that the South has undergone many changes in the past half century, and that though, possibly, not abreast of Northern active progression, she has discarded many of her old "straight-laced" traditions and is now of quite a different people. *Helen*, wife of *Professor Thurston*, brought from her Eastern home to live among her husband's people, is given, warning, by several well-meaning counselors, not to do this or that, and so many restrictions are laid upon her that, at the outset, she rebels against the time-honored customs and conducts herself much the same as she did at home. This causes derogatory remarks to be made and a coolness between her and the professor, which, the two being merely friends not lovers, widens into a breach that one is not sure is ever amicably spanned. Northern missionaries have come to Tallawara to educate the negro. Unfortunately, they go beyond the bounds of reasonable tolerance by permitting the blacks to be their equals socially. The missionaries are studiously shunned and one who associates with them does so at imminent peril of social ostracism. *Mrs. Thurston*, although she can in no way change this edict and cannot possibly better the prevailing conditions, through a mistaken kindness for one of the worn-out teachers, assumes her duties and thereby causes more trouble in a few days than she could rectify in months. And this is the ultimate cause of her and her husband having to leave Tallawara to commence life anew. The secondary characters, their love intrigues and flirtations are far more interesting, and *Zoe Mason*, the belle of the town, and *Jim Trenholm* will be pleasantly remembered when *Helen* is forgotten. The story, in the main, is disappointing. There are, however, situations that are delicately drawn; the meetings of *Helen* and *Trenholm* being especially subtle. The author's delineation of the

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Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

negro, his superstitions and dialect, is very good. Her pen-pictures are pretty; one, in particular, of a moonlight night when the breezes were heavily laden with the perfumes of magnolias, cape-jessamine and other tropical flowers, is charmingly depicted. If numerous complications and vigorous action is what is wanted "Aliens," with its fires, shootings and elopements, will satisfy the most exacting. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.)

"Violette and Her Shoe-leather Coffin," the initial story of Marie Emelie von Overstolz's volume of fairy tales, "Tante Phil's Fairy Stories," recounts the trials, joys and sorrows of a very disobedient little girl who lived on the banks of the Red river when our great Western country still belonged to France. Violette, after many adventures in disobedience, was brought home as dead, placed in a leather casket and floated down the river and out into the Gulf of Mexico. Then came her rescue and resuscitation, her adventures on a strange island and, finally, her restoration to her mother. What will most appeal to the child-fancy is that the author declares it a really true story, for, "although years have passed since Violette died, the old piano and her little coffin are still in existence, and may be seen at the great Fair in commemoration of the Louisiana Purchase." "Lily and Siegfried" takes one into the realm of gnomes and fairies where strange and wonderful things occur, where elves perform marvelous feats, where giants are subdued by the *Queen Fairy Spirit Mother*, and where great knowledge is attained by the two wanderers to afterward be imparted to mankind for the betterment and ennoblement of all mere mortals. This story, with interesting complications, is delightfully narrated and reveals an insight to the child-mind not usually embodied in fairy tales. "Franzotto," is the name of the third and last story. Under the attractive guise of story telling Miss Overstolz has interpolated bits of history and information regarding the customs and habits of foreign lands and people and so made her book not only entertaining but instructive. It is beautifully illustrated, neatly bound; a book that in every way would prove a source of delight to any intelligent juvenile reader. (Great Western Printing Co., publishers, St. Louis.)

For either business or pleasure the automobile is superseding all other methods of locomotion, and the only question presenting itself is: on what model shall the new carriage be constructed? The Day Automobile Company, located at 1010 Olive street, has the finest line of new style automobiles ever shown in the city. This firm, having but recently started in business, has only the newest, up-to-date carriages, 1902 models. It is the sole distributor for Missouri and the Southwest of the "Locomobile" and "Oldsmobile," two of the most popular makes, one steam and the other gasoline. Both of these styles have many improvements over last year's models, being stronger and more nearly perfect. It will pay anyone interested in this coming method of travel to visit this new store and see the many improvements that have been made.

FOND OF DISPLAY.

Confirmed Celibate No. 1: "I hear that Jack Brown is to be married on Tuesday."
C. C. No. 2: "Ceremonious beggar!"
Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Glad to Show These New Spring Fabrics

We have a carefully selected and very attractive stock of Spring Woolens, also a business desire to sell them.

You will find us glad to show them to you, and our showing of goods is always done in a manner agreeable to the looker. In this case it is literally true that the "Goods sell themselves." We have only to help you find the style that you like.

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BROADWAY AND PINE STREET.

SUGGESTED FOR A POPULAR SONG.

(Submitted to composers of touching and sentimental airs.)

By a cottage neat,
So trim and sweet,
Stood, once upon a time,
A maiden fair,
With jet-black hair,
And never mind the rhyme;
A youth came nigh,
With loving eye,
And fondly did he greet her.
The youth, mind you, had
Walked eleven miles to see her,
And never mind the meter!

CHORUS:

Pretty Maggie O'Rafferty,
Ever so tender and true,
Poor young Patsy McCafferty
Is having a fit about you;
He's coming, I ween, and likewise I trow,
To ask you, forsooth, to marry him now,
And I've gone and rhymed two of the lines,
anyhow,
Pretty Maggie O'Ra-af-ferty.

—Harvard Lampoon.

An art nouveau era is at hand and some of the designs in bronzes, sterling silverware and jewelry, shown at Bolland's, are perfect dreams of beauty. Seventh and Locust streets.

Merrick, Walsh & Phelps's office at Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry Co., Broadway, corner Locust street.
Prompt attention to all orders.



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Filo and Roman Floss
E. E. TWISTED, ETCHING, HONITON, CASPIAN FLOSS, &c.
Are the Original and Only Genuine High Lustre
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ETC. ETC.

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617 Locust Street.

There were musical critics in Mafeking, and one let himself go thus: "Mr. Cole sang 'The Arabian Lover' in a spirited way. He possesses a very strong voice, which must be a very necessary thing for a lover in a big place like Arabia, where a chap has to go mashing a Bedouin's daughter in a laager about two miles away."

And everything that belongs to them.

Call or Write for Catalogues.

ERKER'S 608 OLIVE.
Opposite Barr's.

Kodaks

THEATRICALS.

THE LIBERTY BELLES.

In practice of the theory that the playhouse is a place where the public, especially the male portion of it, must be pleased, the managerial providers of the present and for the first-class theatres have not progressed beyond the methods so profitably if a trifle notoriously used by the late Sam T. Jack. It was Mr. Jack's notion that if you had plenty of women on the stage, of the physical and temperamental type likely to appeal to an audience that had paid anywhere from ten to fifty cents admission, nothing else mattered. Music, plot, coherence, were all trivial details. The great thing was to have woman, woman with a capital W., and plenty of her. The promoters of "The Liberty Belles," now in view at the Olympic, go on the same plan. One takes this instance, not because it is a singular one, but because in the case of "The Liberty Belles" the sacrifice to mere femininity is more painfully noticeable than in most of its rivals. The managers of this mixtum-compositum provide the kind of woman that appeals to the people who pay three or four times what the patrons of Sam T. Jack and his ilk paid; that is the one and only difference. The troopers of the Sam T. Jack "shows," of the "May Howard Burlesquers" and all the too, too-solid spectacles of that time and sort, are troopers of a somewhat unwieldy build; they fill the eye in as good measure as they fill their fleshings. The troopers of "The Liberty Belles" are slim and sinuous young creatures; they appear

in a great many changes of very lovely apparel; they are admirably exposed in black walking skirts and white waists; for instance, with gilt clocks disappearing temptingly upon the forefront of their daintily fashioned legs. But the intention of them, the thing they stand for, is identically that of the sheerest "leg show" that ever trooped its way from the Coast to the Lakes and back again. They are a very likely lot of fillies; they have youth, and good looks; they sing after a fashion that is, if indistinguishable as to words, at least not an offense to the musically inclined; and they dance with a sufficient display of expensive hosiery expansively filled. As a text upon which the ambitious press-agent may tell startling tales about the number of youths of local prominence who have been smitten, these beauties are surely effective. There is one point of difference between the Sam T. Jack period and our own; in his time, and in the case of his public, it was not thought necessary to advertise the fact that any of his lusciously large ladies were the objects of the somewhat rude adoration of this or that individual. In our time, and in the case of such a spectacle as "The Liberty Belles," it is not only thought wise to foment the notion that these young people are intended as a lure to gilded masculinity all over the country, but that notion is even introduced into the lines of the performance itself; these lines reek with references to champagne illicitly enjoyed, and to amours between school-girls and college-men secretly hoped for. Incidentally, something should be done to stop this use of the college-man; he may be a foolish person in his relaxed moments, but he has hardly done anything so outrageous as to deserve the sort of thing that is being aimed at him by way of the cheap librettists of "The Liberty Belles" type. The college man, when referred to in shows of this sort, is always a despicable fellow, who has all the habits of the inveterate rounder plus the impertinence of extreme youth.

Save as a beauty show "The Liberty Belles" has no excuse for existence. The music in it, despite the fact that a good deal of it was done by Aime Lachaume, is immaterial and has not one catchy bar in it. There is no plot, and the pajamas are unexciting. The dialogue is imbecile, even for Mr. Harry B. Smith, who has for years made imbecility a profitable product. The specialties, by Harry Gilfoil and others, are good, but they are old, and have been these ten years past; Gilfoil did exactly the same things in "The Trip To Chinatown" and elsewhere, and in that same Hoyt show appeared the Quaker couplet that is so feebly imitated in "The Liberty Belles." Indeed, it is distressing to consider the gulf between even such light stuff as "The Trip to Chinatown" and the item in present review. In the Hoyt piece one at least had plot, constant movement, constant laughter, and pretty women were not wanting. Here we have nothing but pajamas and what's usually inside them. Not one solitary other reasonable, novel attraction is there about "The Liberty Belles." And surely the playhouse is not the place our best people need frequent if they have a yearning for pink pajamas.

Besides Harry Gilfoil and the pajama sisterhood there are Etta Butler, Harry Davenport and John Slavin. Etta Butler, who can show clever imitation if given the chance, becomes merely one of the pajama tribe in this piece; she has a few more lines to speak, but is otherwise not distinguishable from the maiden mob around

her. Harry Davenport is grown stout, which is not surprising, considering how little he has to do in this piece. John Slavin may still have fun concealed about him, but it is not allowed to show in "The Liberty Belles."

Very trim skirts, shapely ankles, slender, tempting figures, fresh complexions; these are the attractions of "The Liberty Belles." Save for the footlight glamour the average impressionable male could achieve quite the same result by a stroll along Olive street at high noon as he could by gazing upon "The Liberty Belles;" but,—well, if it were not for that same footlight glamour the building of theatres would become a lost art.

ANDREW MACK.

Upon the character and career of Tom Moore a sweet and reasonable play bearing his name has been fashioned and is on view this week at the Century Theater, with Andrew Mack in the title part. The love-romance given the Irish poet in this play is one sure to appeal to a very large public. Mr. Mack's interpretation of the wit, the sentiment and the charm of Moore is excellent; he succeeds in winning esteem both for the character and his version of it. He makes a captivating figure of a comely young man, a fine poet and a sweet singer. He moves in fine company. *Beau Brummel*, *Richard Brinsley Sheridan* and the *Prince of Wales* are constantly on the scene. All these parts, as well as that of *Bessie Dyke*, the actress whom Moore loves, are well taken, and the play is altogether one of the best pictures of a by-gone period seen here in some time. The humor is rollicking; the pathos is true; the picture of the Irish poet is one no admirer of his poems will do other than treasure. "Tom Moore" is well worth seeing.

The Deadhead.

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WAS WORRIED.

Granger: My wife found a letter from a lady in my pocket the other evening, and she went on at a terrible rate.

Farmer: You ought to be more careful, old boy.

Granger: Yes, I know. I thought I'd got into an awful scrape. I tell you it was quite a relief when my wife found it was her own letter; one she'd given me to mail the week before.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Chests of knives, forks and spoons for wedding gifts.

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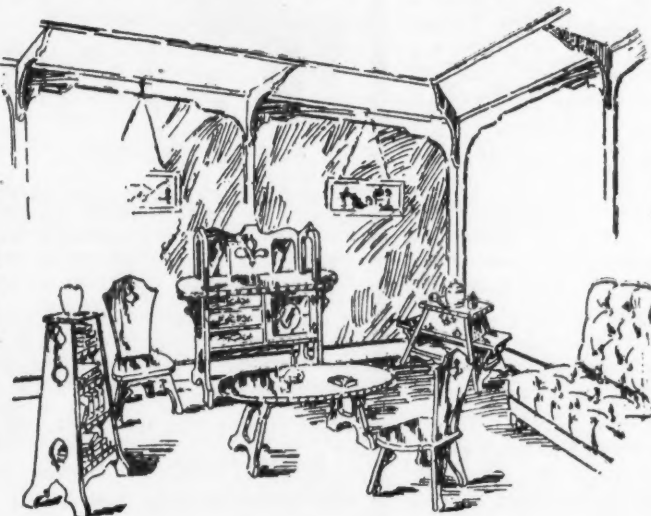
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SOME
New Finishes.

Weathered Oak
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A DINING ROOM. Mission style, weathered oak. The furniture illustrated is known as "The Mission Furniture." The style was first suggested from an old chair taken from one of the Spanish churches in Lower California, known as Mission. It is made of oak, stained a gray brown (weathered oak), which gives the same look of age that long exposure and weathering might do. The wax finish imparts a beautiful dull sheen. Its simplicity is its salient feature. It is furniture that is made to last, and combines comfort with utility.



A DEN. Dutch style, silicified ash. The furniture illustrated is selected from our collection of that new and interesting treatment of native ash known as "silicified." This new staining imparts to the wood a beautiful deep color, yet showing the strong grain. The style is purely Dutch. The trimmings of pewter and old iron together with the antique leather give the pieces an effect all their own, reflecting the art of the designer and the hand of the craftsman.

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How easily it can be made so. No matter how humble the cottage—how necessary to practice economy—how pretentious the mansion—all can be well furnished at our store.

DAINTY PARLOR PIECES
RICH DINING ARTICLES.
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BRASS AND IRON BEDS.

Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.
BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

GIFTS AND
WEDDING OUTFITS
A SPECIALTY.

PUBLIC SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I read in your paper last week an article signed "A Parent," complaining of a want of discipline in our public schools. I have ever been a friend of the defenceless, helpless little children against cruelties, whether through nervous, peevish, ill tempered parents or school teachers, who need to discipline themselves instead of the little ones under their care. The lions, tigers, panthers, the wild beasts of the forest, and all animals are tender and gentle to their young. Why should not human beings be equally kind to their children?

Whilst Solomon was in many respects a wise man, I never could endorse his advice in regard to the treatment of children. Nor can I think that one who had 700 wives and 300 concubines was a fit person to give advice on this subject. He has been responsible for more cruelty and inhumanity to children than any person who has ever lived. Some people seem to think we are still living under the old Levitical law, instead of the new covenant that came to us by our Saviour, Jesus Christ. I prefer the teaching and example of the Saviour to that of Solomon. Nowhere do we find that our Saviour taught inhumanity to little children, but always love, tenderness and kindness.

I have all my life been interested in the

treatment of children by parents and school-teachers, and it wounds me to read of the cases of inhumanity that occasionally appear in the press. I determined to write to my esteemed friend, Dr. Wm. T. Harris, now the U. S. Commissioner of Public Instruction at Washington, D. C., on this subject. I knew that he had had long experience as principal and superintendent of our public schools, and I felt that he was well qualified to speak on the subject. I give his reply:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, BUREAU OF EDUCATION, Washington, D. C., Sept. 23, 1891.

Hon. Isaac H. Sturgeon, St. Louis, Mo.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 18th instant, asking me in regard to my views as to corporal punishment in schools, is received.

I would say briefly that I consider schools to be efficient in inverse proportion to the number of cases of corporal punishment that they have. The fewer cases of corporal punishment the better the schools are like to be. There has been a great change in public opinion on this subject during the past forty years; enlightened public sentiment is against the frequent use of the rod in the school. It brutalizes and terrorizes. It is a bad kind of school government that injures the best pupils for the sake of that very small fraction of the school which needs corporal punishment in order to make it obedient. Many cities have abolished corporal punishment altogether, thinking that the abuse of it is far more objectionable than its utter disuse. It is my opinion that on the whole the discipline of those cities in which corporal punishment has been entirely abolished is far better than what it was in the times when corporal punishment was much used.

A preferable plan, I think, is for the School Board to make a strong discrimination in behalf of those teachers who secure good order in their schools without the use of the rod. A quarterly report giving all cases of corporal punishment, their causes and mode of punishment, will have the effect of reducing such punishment to a minimum. I have known many a large school of 100 pupils or more in St. Louis, go through a quarter of ten weeks with less than ten cases of corporal punishment in all. I have also known a school of 125 pupils to have 100 cases a week. The discipline of those schools which abounded in corporal punishment was not to be compared in point of excellence with the discipline in the schools that disused corporal punishment. In the former schools there was a perpetual training in harshness and cruelty for all pupils—also a training in secrecy and cunning—two very brutal kinds of education. In the schools without corporal punishment there was a healthy spirit of co-operation—a cheerful compliance with the rules of good order—the best kind of civic training that I know of. The pupils who love school and respect its rules of order and who learn to govern themselves, are the pupils best fitted to live under a free government.

I am, with highest respect, sincerely yours,
(Signed) W. T. Harris, Commissioner.

(Copy)

BOARD OF PUBLIC EDUCATION, SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, 713 FILBERT ST., PHILADELPHIA, September 29th, 1891.

Dr. Lewis E. Beiller, Mayor's Secretary.

MY DEAR SIR: I am informed that the General Board of Education has never taken action upon the subject. Several of the local Boards, who have immediate control of the schools, have abolished corporal punishment. In most of our schools, however, there is no law upon

the matter. The sentiment of the teachers is against corporal punishment, and there is very little of it in the schools of Philadelphia.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Edward Brooks,
Superintendent Public Schools.

The foregoing letters of Dr. Harris and Mr. Edward Brooks, Superintendent of Public Schools of Philadelphia, are entitled to great weight and consideration in regard to the treatment of children in or out of school.

Whilst St. Louis has long been blessed with excellent superintendents in Mr. Divoll, Dr. Harris and Mr. Long, we have in Prof. Louis F. Soldan one of the ablest and best qualified superintendents in the country—the right man in the right place. All patrons of the Public Schools can rest assured that the interests of their children will be properly guarded.

Very respectfully,

Isaac H. Sturgeon.

St. Louis, April 18, 1902.

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, 12 Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

ART TOPICS.

THE SOCIETY OF WESTERN ARTISTS.

The Society of Western Artists opened its sixth annual exhibition in St. Louis in the Galleries of the Museum of Fine Arts with a reception and private view last Thursday evening. The exhibition will remain open until May 1. The Artists' Guild collection, to which an article was devoted in the MIRROR of April 10, will remain in place in the Museum until the close of the Western Artists' exhibition.

The Society of Western Artists is an association of the representative painter and sculptors not affiliated with the societies of the East. It is not strictly "Western" as our country is considered to-day, but rather "Central." Its members reside in Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis, and the collection of pictures annually brought together by them is exhibited in each of these cities in rotation. The present president of the association is Professor Holmes Smith, of St. Louis.

The current exhibition, like that of the Artists' Guild, contains works of varying degrees of merit, but it is interesting and, on the whole, attractive. The general view of the galleries is agreeable, and many of the pictures are worthy of attention—the works of the St. Louis contingent being especially in evidence. As in most American art-exhibitions landscapes predominate, but there is a fair representation of the figure painters and there are a few marines and animal subjects.

In this collection, as in that of the Artists' Guild, Mr. Wuerpel holds the first place among the landscape painters for individuality, poetic feeling and subtle, harmonious coloring. He shows a wider range of subjects here than in the Guild collection. His "Evening Idyl," giving a placid pool in the foreground, rising ground, with masses of trees at the right and left, and a stretch of open country beyond, under a tender blue-green sky with the merest suggestion of a rosy after-glow on the horizon. Two graceful figures beside the pool, indistinctly visible through the evening haze, give an added charm. In composition, color and technique the work is simple and dignified; reserved yet complete. It ranks with the best of the artist's works. A second picture, "A Gray Day in Spring," is very different in subject. Into the foreground flows a stream in zig-zag course through a rolling meadow with light grass springing up, and groups of trees and tender saplings putting out their first fresh green. There is fine atmospheric quality in this, as well as restfulness and charm of sentiment. Mr. Wuerpel's largest picture, "A Quiet Pool, Moonlight," is an extremely dignified composition—a mass of trees on a hillside, with a full moon in an early evening sky just emerging from behind them. At the foot of the hill, faintly discerned through the tall grasses of the foreground, is a slumbering pool—little more than a horizontal streak across the canvas. "A Misty Moonlight" is entirely different in subject and technique from any of the Wuerpel pictures previously mentioned. While at first sight this picture may seem monotonous and lacking in decorative quality, in which Mr. Wuerpel's other pictures are notably strong—one finds in it a charm of its own. It is not one of the pictures that calls out to one—that commands—it is rather one which entices. "A Portrait of the Artist," by Mr.



"WOMAN IS A SLAVE."

So they told us. Don't know about that. For instance, woman can use the most distinctive materials for clothing. Poor man must depend for smartness upon the good style of the colorings and patterns.

Plainish colorings, quiet mixtures, unnoticeable stripings and indistinct over-plaidings will never become "common," and so are good style. Fabrics of this sort—fabrics of all sorts—in suits from \$25 to \$50 here.

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Reserved seats
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THIS WEEK,

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MOORE

Prices 25c to one dollar.

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NEXT SUNDAY,

The

Explorers

A musical sensation.

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THE STANDARD

Two Frollics Daily.

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The most up-to-date Hat Department in the city.

Try our \$1.90 Quality.

Humphrey's
Broadway and Pine
St. Louis.

Wuerpel, is interesting but seems rather unnecessarily low in tone.

There are several attractive landscapes by T. C. Steele. Perhaps the best of them is "The Cloud." This picture is fine and harmonious in color and is an artistic unity. It improves upon acquaintance. Another picture by Mr. Steele, entirely different in feeling, is "Noonday, the Willows." This is fresh and bright in luminous color and is full of decorative quality. There are foreground pools reflecting the sky, with banks of clay. Patches of green grass occur, and, with late autumnal foliage and purple hills, contribute to a composition that is very beautiful in color;—a natural composition, well-chosen and painted with simple, joyous technique. Mr. Steele's cloud picture suggests a work to which he has given long study and much thought. "The Noonday" seems like a picture painted directly from Nature and never worked over after the first painting. A third painting, "The Old Mill," is larger and more pretentious but is less satisfying—less individual than either of the other pictures. "The Red Tree" is a confused composition with a leaden sky, which does not do the painter justice.

L. H. Meakin, one of the strongest painters of the Society, has a picture, "The Riffle," that is remarkable for its vital qualities. It is fine in color, jewel-like in its

brilliance, extremely decorative and true in its values. It has the effect of having been painted entirely out of doors. There is in it no suggestion of the studio. One thing in the picture which might be criticised is the yeasty water of the riffle. It seems just a bit over-done. If true to nature, it still might have been simplified somewhat to satisfy a happier artistic result. "The Melting Snow" is another attractive canvas, pleasing in composition and color, and "Winter," the central picture on the wall in the first gallery, a painting which was awarded a prize at the Cincinnati Art Club, this year, is a work of much vigor of technique, though lacking in unity. It shows a roadway through an expanse of waste ground, sand and weeds, on the coast of Normandy. There is a large walled enclosure, presumably a garrison, in the middle ground, with houses of a village and a hill beyond, surmounted by a light-house. At the extreme left is a view of the sea, with ships. The sky is clouded. It is impossible to see all there is in this picture from a single point of view. When far enough away to give the foreground its proper effect, the distance does not explain itself; and the near view required to understand the distance, gives a foreground muddled and painty. Mr. Meakin's largest picture, "Across the Hill," is inclined to "wooliness" and seems to lack focal quality. His "Winter" has too many foci. The large "Normandy" is very suggestive of the landscapes of Picknell, with whom the artist studied. It is not as strong in color as Picknell's work; but it contains some excellent painting. "A Colorado Landscape" is better; it has a very luminous sky, and the landscape is painted in a simple, frank, joyous way—evidently from Nature. This is far the best work by Mr. Meakin in the exhibition, and it is a very good picture.

J. Ottis Adams is represented by a number of landscapes of which "The Wane of Winter" is one of the most interesting. The swirling water is beautifully painted and is somewhat suggestive of the manner of Thaulow. The sky, however, is not in harmony with the rest of the picture, and in composition the work is somewhat "scattering." It is probably a literal transcription of fact. This is another instance in which the artist has not availed himself of his privilege of selection, of addition, substitution and elimination, when necessary, to bring about an artistic result. "The Closing of an Autumn Day," by the same artist, is simpler in composition, though in other respects less meritorious than the winter picture. In the sky is the attempted representation of a blazing sun which it does not dazzle one's eyes to look at. An artist who essays such a portrayal may be considered daring, but he can very rarely be considered discreet. If the sun in an unclouded sky could be represented with any approximation of truthfulness, the landscape would be lost. As a general thing, as in this case, the result is weak and depreciates an otherwise fairly agreeable work. The sun may be represented as glowing through a haze, especially about sunset; or as seen through a heavy fog or mist, but hardly otherwise. The full moon may be painted frankly; the sun, in a clear sky should be let alone! The effect of full sunlight is a legitimate subject, but the sun itself, unveiled, is not to be tampered with! Another picture, "The First Breath of Autumn," showing the gradual changes in the trees beyond a foreground field, is a bit of good painting; and "In the Embrace of Autumn," a river

with hills and autumnal foliage beyond, is thoroughly typical and is painted with notable faithfulness to Nature.

W. Forsyth has contributed three landscapes in oil, two in water color and a composition of "Peonies." His "Afternoon, Early October" seems to have been painted directly from Nature. It appears to be true in its values, but is rather cold and dry in color. His "Before the Snow" is unfortunate in composition, and is hard and dry, while his "Autumnal Forest" is painted in a free, facile manner, and takes one out-of-doors. The water-color, "A Touch of the Late Sun" impresses the writer as the best of Mr. Forsyth's pictures shown here.

There is an excellent autumnal landscape, "Sunday Morning," by Frederick L. Stoddard—an opening in the woods looking out across a cornfield, with shocks here and there, and several figures at the right, beyond the trees, walking toward a church in the far distance. The sky is luminous, the coloring is good, and there is fine atmospheric effect.

Gustav Wolff shows four interesting pictures. The most important of these bears the title "The Closing of the Nineteenth Century," but the relation between the picture and the title is somewhat inexplicable. It presents a broad foreground in shadow, covered with brown grasses, through which a road leads to a group of houses in the middle ground on which fall the last rays of the setting sun. There is a pale evening sky with light clouds tinged by the sunset. A certain mysterious feeling pervades this work—without reference to its title—and its general effect is very attractive. The painting of the sky is especially fine. In two studies "A Row of Veterans" (old maples stretching across a field) and "Autumn" (a clump of trees in the foreground with a female figure, and a group of red buildings) each under a luminous gray sky, Mr. Wolff has painted two very satisfactory compositions in a simple and artistic manner.

By V. Nowotny there are two excellent landscapes. "A Bavarian Canal" is the more important of them. It is low in tone but rich in color and broad and simple in technique. By the same artist "The Witches' Sabbath" in a curious drawing in crayon and pastel, which should have a diagram to explain it.

Frank Duveneck is one of the strongest painters in the Society, and his "Beyond the Harbor" is one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition.

One of the largest pictures is "The Siesta," by Edmund H. Osthaus, representing a number of cattle in a field at mid-day. While the cattle are carefully studied, the landscape has the characteristics of a "studio-landscape" and the composition lacks simplicity. The cows under the trees are crowded together and are not easily "sorted out." There is a feeling that there is an undue amount of canvas employed considering the importance of subject. Two compositions of hunting dogs "On a Lark" and "High Class" somewhat suggest the work of the late J. M. Tracy. The dogs are carefully painted, but the landscapes and skies too much suggest the studio. The fourth picture by Osthaus, "Fall Woodcock," representing two setter-dogs in a cornfield, is in many respects the most satisfactory of the artist's pictures shown on this occasion.

Among the most artistic works in the collection may be mentioned a number of pastels by Charles S. Kaelin. Most of them are water subjects—boats drawn up alongside wharves or lying in basins—and

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these are the best. The land subjects are not so successful. His "Boats in Dock," "Boats," (No. 57) and "Misty Morning" are noteworthy for fine color, atmosphere, and for their free, artistic technique.

Several pictures by Otto Stark are notable. "The Light Roseate" is a work in oil showing a stretch of landscape under an evening sky with rosy-tinted clouds. Mr. Stark's other contributions are water-colors, of which the most attractive is "October."

There are three aquarelles, by Professor Holmes Smith, that attract one by their bright color and simple technique. "Templeton, Mass.," represents a New England village nestling among the trees in a valley. Only the white church-steeple and here and there a gable or roof are seen, but we feel the village with its broad, tree-bordered, shady streets. "The Old House" and the frame which really contains three pictures—"The Yellow House, the Red House and the White House" are studies of sunshine and shadow, full of brilliant color and sparkle. They impress one as being true to Nature. In handling they are broad, simple and artistic.

Louis Berneker has two sketches, both out-door studies, which seem to have been made in one painting.

Charles Shackleton has a feeling for color, as is evidenced in his "Breakwater" and "October." His "Approach to Zoar," a sandy road with a village, is well studied and agreeable. There is a view of the "Jersey Coast," by M. A. Daly, that, in certain ways, reminds one of W. M. Chase's admirable Long Island coast subjects. It is excellent in color and good technique.

Philip Oakes Sylvester's "Red Boats" is one of his best pictures. It represents a view of the Merchants' Bridge, the river under the light of a late afternoon sun, and two large red boats at the extreme right. It is very pleasant in color. "The Mississippi" is another well-painted subject, though not entirely happy in composition. It is a good representation, however, of contrasting sunlight and shadow. "Gloucester, Mass.," Mr. Sylvester's most ambitious picture, gives a group of piles rising out of the water of the fore portion of the composition, with boat-houses beyond. There is a strong effect of morning light, and the play of color reflected from the sky by the dancing water is represented with excellent effect. It is a vigorous piece of painting—luminous and sparkling.

George A. Harker's "Above the Mill, Pont Aven" is a small, faithful water-color of attractive composition and color, and his "Young Brittany Girl" is a bright bit of sunshine and shadow.

Francis P. Paulus sends the largest number of contributions. His "Head of an Old Woman" is delicately modeled, luminous and fine in quality. It and another picture, "The Brittany Girl," shown in profile, are characteristic of the German school of painting. The face in the latter picture is a very attractive study, but the linen cap and kerchief are not well realized. "The Philosopher" and "Sad Thoughts" represent another phase of the artist's work. Here we have a representation of the method of the older Munich school. The man's head is carefully studied and the head of the girl, who has auburn hair, is in certain respects very pleasing, though the side of the face in shadow is unnecessarily black and the lines are sharp and hard. The pastel of the "Girl in Red," who is reading, is better in general effect, though the drawing of the arms might be improved upon. The girl in

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yellow, "A Lady of High Degree," is more satisfactory in drawing and there is good realization of textures. But the most pleasing of all this artist's works is his "Day Dreams"—a young woman in profile, with light brown hair and a gauzy pink dress, with a light lace scarf over her shoulders, seated and facing to the right. This is an exquisite piece of modeling and a charming composition in color.

A portrait by Louis Mayer, a young girl with blue eyes and brown hair, wearing a black and white hat, red dress and black cape lined with pink silk, is well painted, but one might legitimately question the taste of painting the numerous black bands around the sleeves, even though the dress-maker may have been responsible for the fact.

There is a portrait by J. H. Sharp for which the artist received a prize from the Cincinnati Art Club. It represents a woman, with brown eyes and hair, seated. She is clad in a soft white dress with ermine boa. Mr. Sharp's "Wolf Ear, Sioux," represents an Indian with a yellow robe over his head. There are three other Indian subjects, by Bert Phillips: "A Pueblo Indian of Taos," is merely a well-painted head and bust. "In his Teepee (Apache)" gives the figure of an Indian sitting in the glow of firelight making arrows. "Drummer (Pueblo)" is a standing figure with drum, in a costume of very brilliant colors. These pictures are painted in a literal, highly-finished manner and show careful study.

Almon Whiting's "Notre Dame, Paris," is an evening view showing the architectural forms in gray silhouette through the dusk, with gleams of colored lights on the bridge and in some of the tall houses, with reflections in the river. By L. E. Van Gorder there is a sketch on the Mall Terrace, Central Park, New York, treated in a bright, fresh, crisp manner.

Edward H. Potthast has three very strong

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Robert Louis Stevenson went into ecstasies over Marcel Schwob's "Mimes," and as for that, Mr. William E. Henley, who found a strange delight in the work, was an advocate for the Englishing of the original French. When the Greek terra cottas, known as Tanagra, were first seen, then there came to us some more certain idea of antique art, for in the little figurines there was no standoffishness, but that familiarity which seemed to arise from actual acquaintance. Marcel Schwob is saturated with the Greek spirit. It may be in Athens that the scenes, the incidents, the characters have an existence. There are beautiful girls, cocks, slaves, flute players, wine drinkers, and a wonderful description of the sailor, who passed beyond the Hercules pillars. . . . Marcel Schwob, bent on recapturing Greek life, forgets the world of to-day, and revels in the classic age. Laudation of the publisher, Mr. Mosher, has to be often repeated, for the books which issue from his press are past perfect.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

"Deirdre Wed, and other Poems" is also a failure, as an attempt to prolong interest in the somewhat hackneyed story of Deirdre. But that and all Celtic legends become immortal through the magic hands of Fiona Macleod, who is as much the queen of the Gaelic branch of the legend as is Mr. Yeats king of the Erse. If poetry is a vision of the imagination, this little volume of a hundred pages, entitled "From the Hills of Dream," is worth all others which we have been describing; and how easy it must be to write dreamy verse if one's cradle has been rocked by such a wondrous lullaby as this (*Invocation of Peace*.) *The Nation* (N. Y.) Dec. 5, 1901.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher is at his best in the production of this book. He has followed the graver old style, and the initial letters, in a fine red ink, are most impressive. There is on the pages with wide margins, the antique style of ruling. To sum it all up, "The Blessed Damozel" is a great little book, and to be treasured by the collector.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

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effective subjects: "A Windy Day, Bermuda Coast"—yachts at anchor in turbulent water with whitecaps, and beyond a view of shore with white houses among trees bent by the wind; "Ipswich Bay," a placid stretch of water with a single yacht seen from a point on shore, and "Clouds," the latter evidently an out-door study.

Comelia F. Maury presents one work in oil, "A Dutch Child," seated in a high-chair, and two pastels, "The Colored Baby" and "A Tea Party." The latter shows two little girls beside a bench having a luncheon all by themselves. The little figures are drawn with much simplicity and charm. No one has treated such subjects with better appreciation or with more delightful method.

There are two effective canvases by Carl Waldeck, of St. Louis, "A Jolly Good Fellow" and "Companions." The latter represents an old man holding his violin before him. In its artistic treatment it ranks with the best of Mr. Waldeck's work, and is a good picture. Paul Harney, another well-known St. Louis artist, is represented by two of his best studies of "Chickens."

Sculpture in this exhibition is represented only by photography. Of Mr. Bringhurst's work, "The Kiss of Immortality," a project for a tomb, is a powerful and artistic production. From the works by Clement J. Barnhoan, of Cincinnati, there is a collection of photographs. Those representing the "Model of a Wall Fountain," "A Memorial Monument" and a "Sketch for a Punch-Bowl" are especially interesting. Each of these reveals not only originality in conception, but strength and gracefulness in treatment. His relief "Maenads" recalls Robert Blum's beautifully painted friezes in Mendelssohn Hall, New York.

The silver repousee napkin-ring, by Charles Percy Davis, is a work of artistic craftsmanship that deserves attention. The small kneeling figure holding the tray on which is a smoking roast is an exquisite bit of modeling, and the spread of the smoke overhead is a fine bit of characterization and admirably breaks across the formal banded rings. It is a production of true artistic quality.

Added to the Guild exhibit are two frames containing several admirable etchings just received from George Aid, a member of the Guild, now continuing his art study in Paris.

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Press Opinions

About

The Imitator.



As to the author, whoever he may be, he deserves the thanks of the reading world for his clever presentment of the new wrinkle in our National costume. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us.—*Chicago Journal*.

The story is told with great skill, cleverness and wit. The author's language is irreproachable English. . . . The man who wrote this book . . . is fitted for nobler things. He is capable of writing a great novel, not merely a biting clever one. And against the background of manikins, dudes, swells and generally unimportant personages who roam or dance through its pages shines one clear star. And that is *Jeanette*. She is as lovely and spiritual as a half-open rose. Nothing mars her absolute womanliness, her ideality and her strength. She is the most beautiful picture of a charming woman that literature has produced for many a year.—*Chicago American*.

"The Imitator" is decadent and artificial in spirit. Although avowedly a satire and an exposure of the evil and corrupt trend of New York society, with which, presumably, the anonymous author is familiar, the atmosphere of the book is unwholesome and repellant. . . . Considerable cleverness of style tends to make the story of the experiment more or less interesting in a way, but it is read under increasing protest. There is in evidence a deliberate choice of material which, save by the decadent school, is not preferred and, save by decadent readers, is not relished.—*St. Louis Republic*.

"The Imitator" is not elaborate in its construction, nor is its delineation of the personages dealt with in the plot of an especially exhaustive kind, but its style, though somewhat mannered and, here and there, a little perfumed, is good, compared with much that is written and commended. There is a tendency toward epigrammatical sparkle and poetical trope, not always well considered, yet now and then there is a flash of social wisdom or a perception of the beautiful in life that is very pleasing.—*Baltimore News*.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

An heroic effort is now being made to boost stock market values and to interest the public again. Manipulation is so bold and open, that no experienced trader need be in the dark about the reasons and objects of the movement. There are, of course, some stocks that advance on substantial and well-known grounds of value and merit. St. Paul Common, Missouri Pacific, Southern Pacific, Texas & Pacific, and Reading and Erie furnish instances of this kind. Manipulation is, however, still confining itself to more or less closely held and syndicated issues. Stocks in which the public is largely interested are being neglected to an undue and suspicious extent. This creates the impression in some quarters that a few "cliqued" stocks are being moved up, in a sensational manner, for the purpose of influencing the rest of the list and facilitating liquidation. The success of all this rigging and stock-jobbing will depend, to a large extent, if not exclusively, upon the attitude of the public. Should the latter allow itself to be aroused and baited and fooled again, the advance will go much further and will probably give many cliques the long-coveted chance to unload and retire from the market.

Money market conditions are still mystifying. Sterling exchange refuses to decline from its present level of 487½. A lowering of interest rates would quickly provoke gold exports again. The rise in sterling at Paris and Berlin suggests that London is now pulling for the yellow metal, and that American exports of gold will, for some time to come, go to London, if they should be resumed. The present lull will not last long, judging by prevailing conditions and prospects. Large subscriptions by Americans to the new British loan have not as yet been offset by heavy purchases of our securities by foreigners. Besides this, it is now known that New York syndicates are renewing loans abroad, not being able to pay them off at maturity. They are said to be hopeful of a decided change in the foreign exchange market. They argue that large crops of wheat, corn and cotton will multiply exchange bills at New York and thus enable them to satisfy their obligations abroad at a profit. This calculation is based on the supposition that a large supply of foreign exchange bills will lower the sterling rate. Such optimistic expectations sound plausible and may come true. On the other hand, however, one must not ignore the tale of the fellow who counted chickens before they were hatched. There are too many possibilities and probabilities involved in this sort of financial hoping and theorizing.

However, the fact of the matter is that Wall street pretends to be more cheerful. The Gates episode has revived the bulls and given things a rosy-colored hue again. Cornering of stocks, private consultations, vague, alluring hints at further deals and consolidations, all this sort of thing never fails to set the "suckers" agog and to cause them to approach the bait. The public will never buy except at rising prices. The fellow who would not touch Louisville & Nashville at 104 will not hesitate to jump at it at 125, acting on the peculiar theory that the higher a stock goes the stronger is the probability that it will go still higher. It would be useless to argue with a man of this sort of mental outfit in reference to the illogical character of his reasoning and acting. He is wedded to his idols.

In view of what has happened, it is likely that the cliques will lift prices still further. They are straining every nerve to create a wild bull movement. Those who care to "monkey" with this kind of a market and to swim with the tide should confine their purchases to well-known and meritorious issues. The obscure specialties, the "cats and dogs" should be left alone. They are advancing stocks at the present time which are hardly known to the average outsider. A scare in the money market would deprive holders of such stuff of all chances to market their property. Wall street is now full of pitfalls. There is too much manipulation and artificiality to warrant expectations of a sustained rise. They buy, because Gates, or Rockefeller, or Morgan is said to be buying. The rank and file of gamblers is hanging on to the coat-tails of some big fellow.

Union Pacific common and Southern Pacific moved simultaneously in the last few days. The first-named crossed 107, the highest notch for quite a while, and Southern Pacific reached the highest price on record, 68½. It is likely that hopes of approaching dividend-payments had something to do with the rise in these shares. A dividend on Southern Pacific would benefit the Union Pacific very materially, as it holds about \$80,000,000 of the stock of its allied road. Southern Pacific could easily be placed on a 4-per-cent. dividend-basis. A dividend at this rate would enhance the annual surplus of the Union Pacific by \$3,200,000. This sum would, of course, be offset by interest payment on Union Pacific 4s, issued for the purpose of taking up the Southern Pacific stock, but there would still be about \$1,550,000 left, besides the appreciation in the value of the shares from 50 (at which it is presumed that S. P. stock was acquired) to almost 70. Union Pacific common is controlled by the Harrison-Gould syndicate, and it is well known that it is intended to put the stock a good many points higher.

Crop experts are very much in prominence again. They are fearful of another crop calamity, and tell us to beware of the ides of July and August. They may know what they are talking about, but Wall street is not disposed to pay much attention to their lugubrious predictions and statements. The careful investor and speculator will not overlook the possibility of another crop scare, however. A repetition of the corn disaster of 1901 would knock the stuffings out of the stock market and lead to mighty interesting developments. There are three important staples; wheat, corn and cotton, and these will have a good deal to say in stock exchange affairs for months to come, and especially this year.

Southern Railway common furnished some excitement, the other day, by rising to 40½, and then receding to 37 again. The highest price last year was 35¾. When the stock touched 39, there was evidence of tremendous liquidation, and it is surmised that somebody hastened to unload at good profit. Southern Ry. common broke all stock exchange records, by rolling up total sales of more than 800,000 shares in one day. The rumors of an absorption by the Southern of the L. & N. are strenuously denied, but there are some traders who profess to be skeptical about the multifarious statements issued by Morgan, Spencer, Gates and Belmont. L. & N. has become quiet and orderly, and is gyrating between 125 and 129. All parties are claimed to be satisfied with the terms of settlement. Perhaps they have to be.

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

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There are "tips" out to buy Norfolk & Western common, Chesapeake & Ohio, Lake Erie & Western common, Reading, Erie, Missouri Pacific and Wabash.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has not been much change in the local stock and bond market. Things are drifting along in a rather indifferent and dull manner, although brokers report fairly large transactions and gratifying commissions. It is said that there is some investment demand for good bonds. Moneyed people are probably loathe to buy stocks at

prevailing ridiculous figures, and prefer to invest their funds in other things. There are still some good bonds to be had at reasonable prices. Of course, securities of this kind are not attractive to gamblers, because they move too slowly.

The Missouri Trust is at last to be absorbed by the Title Guaranty company. It is to be hoped that nothing will interfere to upset this new deal, which is being fathered by the Mississippi Valley Trust Company and allied brokers. Missouri Trust shares are lower, while Title Guaranty remains about unchanged. The capital of the Title Guaranty will be enlarged

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. " 4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102½-103	
Park " 6	A. O. April 1, 1905	109-110	
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O. April 1, 1906	110-111	
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D. June 25, 1907	102½-103½	
" " 4	A. O. April 1, 1908	104-105½	
" " 3½	J. D. Dec., 1909	102½-103	
" " 3½	J. J. July 1, 1918	111-112	
" " 3½	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104-105	
" " 3½	M. S. June 2, 1920	104-106	
" St. L. 100	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½	
(Gld) 4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110	
" " 4	J. D. July 1, 1914	109-110	
" " 3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104-105	
" " 3½	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103	

Interest to seller.
Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.			
Funding 6	F. A. Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½	
" 3½	F. A. Feb. 1, 1921	102-104	
School L. 4s 10-20	J. D. June, 1920	104-106	
" " 4	A. O. April 1, 1914	104-106	
" " 4-20	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102-103	
" " 4-20	M. S. Mech. 1, 1918	108-105	
" " 4-20	M. S. Mech. 1, 1918	104-105	
" " 4-20	M. S. Mech. 1, 1918	105-106	
" " 4-20	J. D. July 1, 1919	105-107	
" " 4-20	J. D. July 1, 1920	104-106	
" " 3½	J. J. July 1, 1921	101-103	

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106-106½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	--60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100-101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101½
Kinlock Tel. Co. 6s 1st mtg	1928	107-107½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1918	108-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	116-116½
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112½-113
Mo. Electric L. 2d 6s	1921	115-116
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	94½-95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	94½-94¾
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-100
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	102-104
Union Trust Building 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	305-306
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	218-218½
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902 6 SA	325-350
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	268-270
Fourth National	100	May '02, 5p.c. 8A	295-296
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	190-200
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	330-340
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775-825
International	100	Mar 1902, 1½ qy	167-175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4p.c. 8A	185-200
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Mar 1902, 3 qy	270-272
Merch.-Laclede	100	Mar 1901, 1½ qy	265-267
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Mar 1902, 2½ qy	342-344
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 6 SA	128-130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Mar 1902, 8 SA	138-140
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901 8 SA	208-211
Third National	100	Mar 1902, 1½ qy	258-259

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		178-178½
Colonial	100		227-228
Lincoln	100	Mar. '02, 2 qy	268-269
Miss. Va.	100	Mar. '02, 2½ qy	440-445
St. Louis Union	100	Consolidated	367-368
Title Trust	100	Mar. '02, 1½ qy	131-132
Mercantile	100	Apr. '02, 1, Mo.	417-419
Missouri Trust	100		107-108
Ger. Trust Co.	100		202½-203

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 106-107
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
St. L. & H. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100-
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103-107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 101-101½
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 102½-103
St. L. & Sub.		85-87
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 112½-112¾
do Incomes 5s		1914
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106-108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107-108
U. D. 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 120½-121
United Ry's Pfd.	Apr. '02 1½	83-83½
4 p.c. 50s	J & J	88½-89
St. Louis Transit		30½-31

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	Jan. 1902, 4 p.c.	231-233

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Jan. 1902 ¼	28-29
" " Pfd	100	Jan. 1902, 1½ qy	91-92
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150-155
Bonne Terre P. C	100	May '96, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar 1902, ¼ MO.	128-138
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902 1	19-19½
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar 1902, ¼ MO	128-135
Granite Bl.-Metal	100		260-265
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	93-98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '89, 1	48-52
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 8A 3½	116-120
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar. 1902 2 p. c	89-90
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Dec. 1901 8A 2½	108-108
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		41-43
Mo. Edison com.	100		16-17
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '12 1½ qy	100-101
Schults Belting	100	Jan '02, qy 2 p. c.	97-100
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar. 1902, 6 A	168-165
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1902, 3½ 8A	158-161
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901 4 S.A.	128-161
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Mar. 1902 1½ qy	16½-17½
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan. '00, 2 p. c.	46-48
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan. '99 4 p. c.	41-42
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	45-52½
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec. '86, 2	1½-2
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb 1902, 1 qy	72-75½
Union Dairy	100	Nov. '01, 2 qy	135-145½
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr. '02, 2 qy	250-260
Westhaus Brake	50	Mar. 1901, 7½	180-181
" Coupler	100		48-51

considerably, and new stock offered to Missouri Trust holders at 125. The consolidated concern will, it is predicted, prove a strong and profitable enterprise.

The Colonial-Germania deal is nearing completion. There will be no hitch in proceedings. The officials of the Colonial have already been selected. Colonial Trust shares have been quiet of late, but very steady.

St. Louis Transit is hanging around 30½%. Insiders are still credited with large purchases. United Railways preferred is a little lower and quoted at 83¾. Compared with Transit, the preferred ought to be worth more than current quotations. The Transit Company has submitted its list of taxable property. The total amounts to something like \$6,000,000. There is quite a difference between this and a capitalization of \$90,000,000.

Clearances continue large, and in excess of last year's. Money is quoted at from 5 to 6 per cent. Sterling is quoted at 4 87½%.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, of the firm of Merrick, Walsh and Phelps, is now connected with Bolland's, Seventh and Locust.

CHEAP AUTOGRAPHY.

Some of the old chaps would have been heartily disgusted had they been at a recent autograph sale at Bangs'. A bill made out in the handwriting of John Hancock, signer of the Declaration of Independence, went for \$1. An autograph of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last living signer of that document, brought only 13 cents more. A money order signed by Thomas Jefferson in 1803 went for \$1.30. Dickens seemed to be the favorite, as one of his letters fetched \$16, and one by the author of "Lorna Doone" went for \$6.50. Here are some of the other figures: A three-page letter of Gladstone, \$6; an Aaron Burr letter, \$1.75; an autograph of Charles II. of Great Britain, 1682, \$7; a Carlyle letter, 28.25; a Charles Darwin, \$2; and a Zola, \$1.60. An autograph manuscript by Eugene Field sold for \$4. Think of John Hancock selling below Eugene Field! And Darwin at \$2! Twenty-five cents more than a screech by Aaron Burr. Living celebrities fared little better than their brethren across the Styx.—Rochester Post Express.

When the famous Baron Rothschild's funeral took place, in Paris, a poor man, unkempt and ragged, made his way to the grand door and stood there sobbing and raising lamentations. One of the policemen approached and said sharply, "What are you crying for, you are not a relation?" "No," said the sobbing man, "I am not a relation; therefore I weep."

"Evangelism" Price recently received this letter in Boston: "Dear Mr. Rice: Wy iz a muzikal komedy jest like enny uther animal? Kos it kant run very well without legs. Yure uther shows waz reglar centipedes. Think it ovur."

"PLAY BALL."

"Play ball!" The old cry echoes o'er the peaceful vale of Cherry creek, and from the bleachers comes a roar as rows of rooters spring a leak! The batter grasps the willow club, the pitcher strikes an attitude, the catcher gives his hands a rub, the umpire stands with keen eyes glued upon the play; the ball has gone, and once again the season's on!

'Way up the telegraphic pole the eager small boy perches high, and in the fence each knotty hole—and they are many—frames an eye. The score-card merchant's voice rings out, the voice through all the winter dumb, the peanut vendors loudly shout, the kid proclaims his chewing gum, and that same cushion man is there to save our pantalettes from wear.

The knocker with his noisy knock, the kicker with his mulish kick, the talker with his bally talk upon the seats as flies are thick. The ladies in their smart attire, enthusiasm in their eyes, are there in beavies to admire and laud the players to the skies, and spank their dainty hands when one of handsome figure makes a run.

The old excuses now are fed to bosses from employes' lip: The grandma on her dying bed, the wife at home down with la grippe. That dying grandma will be spied beside her grandson sitting there, the sick wife by her husband's side, and how these frauds will blush and stare to catch their old employer's eyes lit up with half amused surprise!

The game is on, the season's here, the stricken ball cuts through the air, the batters fan the atmosphere, the runners 'round the bases tear, the umpire calls the strikes and balls, puts runners out when they are in, nor heeds the rooters' angry squalls that they will kill him sure as sin! The season's here, the same old muss, and on the seats the same old us.—Denver Post.

IRISH STORIES.

It is of the late delightful Lord Morris, most charming of Irish wits, that the story runs that on one occasion in opening court, he said, as the judge is won't to say, "Gentlemen of the grand jury, will you kindly take your customary places?"—and "I give you my word," Lord Morris used to tell with a formidable face, "every mother's son o' them made for the prisoners' dock."

Irish, too, must have been the constitution of that coroner's jury which reported in a certain case: "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."—Rochester Post-Express.

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

LETTERS OF CREDIT

—FOR USE OF—

TRAVELERS AND TOURISTS

AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—ISSUED BY—

Mississippi Valley Trust Company.

THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

Little seems to be known at present of the attractiveness and fertility of the soil in that portion of the United States known as the Indian Territory, but a very short time will elapse before it will be recognized as one of the El Dorados of the Western Continent. Although, heretofore, it has been somewhat neglected by the home-seeker, in consequence of its resources not having been brought prominently to the attention of immigrants, yet the not distant future will see it threaded with railroads, and cities, towns, villages and settlements dotting its attractive area.

The marvelous fertility of the soil is attested by the fact that a greater average of cotton lint can be raised to the acre in the Territory than in any State of the Union, save only that of Louisiana, the average being 214 pounds, while the average of the world is only 169 pounds.

White settlers are rapidly pouring into the Territory, building up cities, establishing factories, banks, newspapers, schools, and every other feature of development of a virgin country.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway is the pioneer railway line, running in a southerly direction through the heart of the Territory. Along its line are already established the towns of Muskogee, South McAlester, Durant, Coalgate, Wagoner and Vinita. Others will follow as soon as its mineral riches are developed. The climate is all that can be desired for the farmer and agriculturist, there being a comparative certainty of rainfall to insure good crops. Already farmers in the older States of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin are selling out their places and moving to these new lands, which for a small sum can be procured and developed into rich holdings. With all the natural advantages the Territory possesses, enterprising pioneers will not be slow to take advantage of a chance to build up for themselves houses of comfort, and adding to the proportion of the world's wealth.

The M. K. & T., always the pioneer in railroad enterprise, is represented in St. Louis by Mr. James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, who will willingly give all the necessary information to those seeking a home in this fertile garden spot of the West. Low rate excursions are given on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write for a copy of pamphlet "Indian Territory as it is To-day."

AN ICELANDIC LYRIC.

Look, where the northern streamers wave
and fold,
Bluish and green and gold,
At the far corner of the quiet land,
Moved by an unseen hand!
Someone has drawn the curtains of the
night,
And taken away the light.
It is so still I cannot hear a sound,
Except the mighty bound
Your little heart makes beating in your side,
And the first sob of tide,
When the sea turns from ebb far down the
shore
To his old task once once more.
O surging, stifling heart, have all your will,
In the blue night and still!
Love till the Hand folds up the firmament,
And the last stars are spent!

—Bliss Carman, in Smart Set.

The Mirror

Magazines at About Half Prices.

All Subscriptions, excepting the *Mirror*, must be new.

The *MIRROR* and your choice of any of the following dollar magazines:

Woman's Home Companion, Cosmopolitan, Ledger Monthly or Pilgrim, for
The *MIRROR* and any two of the above, \$3.00. The magazines will be sent to one or different addresses.

\$2.50

OTHER ATTRACTIVE OFFERS:

MIRROR.....	2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
Success.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
Success.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Leslie's Weekly.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.75
Success.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Leslie's Weekly.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Household.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$4.75
Success.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$3.75
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Arena or Mind.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$3.90
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Bookman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$8.50	\$4.85
Mind.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Pearson's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.60
Bookman.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.10
Critic.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.60
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Pearson's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.85
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ainslee's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.35
Arena.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Popular Science.....	1.50	Price,	Price,
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$5.50	\$3.40
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.35
Table Talk.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Scribner's.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Bookman.....	2.50	\$7.50	\$5.90
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Scribner's.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Critic.....	2.00	\$9.00	\$7.15
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Literary Digest.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Country Life.....	3.00	\$9.00	\$5.00
Everybody's Magazine.....	1.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$10.50	\$7.85
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Success.....	1.00		
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.80
Pearson's.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.00	\$5.50
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.00	\$10.50	\$7.35
Bookman.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Critic.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Truth.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Arena.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Critic.....	2.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Etude.....	1.50	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$6.00	\$4.00
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Country Gentleman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,
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The STUPENDOUS RHINOCEROS is an Infant in Swaddling Clothes compared with the TREMENDOUS BARGAINS to be Found This Week in ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE.

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For This Week in Colored
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DRESS GOODS.

These are sure enough way-down prices for good goods.

- 300 pieces fine Printed Lawn Batiste and French Corded Dimity; regular 15c and 20c quality; fast colors; all at.....10c
- 100 pieces fine Mercerized Imported Foulards, guaranteed to retain their finish after washing, beautiful designs; regular 40c quality; all at.....25c
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- Ladies' fine blue and tan mixed (also black covert) Cloth Suits, trimmed with fine cord and moire silk, rolling collar, Eton jacket, trimmed down front with moire silk and gimp, flaring skirts, latest styles—regular price \$17.50—Sale Price.....\$11 75
- Ladies' excellent line of Silk Dress Skirts in taffetas, peau de soie, trimmed with pleated ruffles and flounces in three and four rows, finished with quilled ribbon—a fine bargain for this sale to the early customer—regular price \$17 50 and \$22.50—now..\$13.50 and \$16 50
- Ladies' fine cheviot unlined Dress Skirts, trimmed with three bands of moire silk over serpentine flounce—a flyer for a few days—regular price \$10 00—Sale Price.....\$7.50
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- Children's Confirmation Dresses in organdie, trimmed with lace and satin ribbon, tucked yoke and sleeves, skirts flaring, extra drop skirts—a dainty variety from.....\$4.50 to \$7.50

The One—The Only One—
The One Only—

Millinery Departm't of St. Louis.

Just arrived from the East, a full line of nobby tailor and shirtwaist Hats. Come and see them.

Chiffon Hats in natty shapes, Suit Hats in horse hair and straw braid; all the latest colors and combinations.

A few chic models in the newest creations—the Alice Roosevelt, the new Florodora, the Marquis and the very latest English hat—will greet you this week.

Special features in Children's Hats at very moderate prices.

- 250 Hats, made for a St. Louis importer and jobber, but shipped too late for them to use. Rather than to have them returned the manufacturer has allowed them to deduct one-half from the original bill, and we have bought them at the same discount, consequently we will offer the goods this week—actually worth \$10.00—Sale price.....\$4 98
- 500 beautifully trimmed Hats, made of straw and chiffon, in 6 shades—actually worth \$2.50—Sale price.....\$1.25
- 100 dozen Body Hats, made of Cuba-Java and Tuscan straw—just the thing for late spring and summer wear—actually worth 69c—Sale price.....25c
- Flowers at less than half price—Large bunches of field flowers, buttercups, daisies, June roses, crush roses and foliage at one-half the actual cost. Sale prices:
5c, 10c, 15c, 19c, 29c and 49c.

Ladies' Undermuslins.

- Muslin Drawers, umbrella style, perfect shape—were 25c, now.....18c
- Cambric Corset Covers, full front, neck and sleeves embroidery trimmed—were 45c, now. 25c
- Extra Good Muslin Gowns, yoke trimmed with fine tucks and hemstitching, neck and sleeves finished with cambric ruffle—were 65c, now.....45c
- Fine Cambric Skirts, 16 inch lawn flounce, trimmed with five rows of hemstitching and tucks, made extra full—were \$1.35, now.....\$1.00

Some Eye-Openers and Purse-
Unlooseners in the

Silk Department.

Nothing like them in St. Louis.

- All-Silk Foulards, beautiful new designs, regular 75c quality; this week for.....48c
- New Taffetas, an endless variety, 65 shades to select from, well worth 50c; all at.....39c
- 28-inch Black Taffeta, specially suited for automobiles; the real \$1.25 value.....85c
- 28-inch Black Peau de Soie, the correct fabric for automobiles, well worth \$1.39; this week for.....\$1.00
- 44-inch plain and striped all-silk Black Grenadine, made to sell for \$1.50; special price. \$1.00

Sheet Music—Latest Hits.

Vocal.

	Publishers' Price.	Our Price.
Just Nex' Door, by C. K. Harris	50c	18c
I Hates to Get Up Early in de Morn, Queen & Cannon	50c	18c
Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home? Cannon.....	50c	18c
Princess Zulu Lulu, Dave Reed, Jr.	50c	18c
Melancholy Mose, Abbott & Jerome	50c	18c
My Bamboo Queen, Harry Van Tilzer	50c	18c
I Just Can't Help Lovin' that Man, Jennie Lee, Lamb & Van Tilzer, each.....	50c	18c
The Mansion of Aching Heart, Lamb & Van Tilzer	50c	18c
Where the Mississippi Flows, Gus Edwards.....	50c	18c
A Little Boy in Blue, Brown & Morse.....	50c	18c
Somewhere. Dustin & Moore.....	50c	18c
The Tie that Binds, C. K. Harris.....	50c	18c
'Tis Not Always Bullets that Kill.....	50c	18c

Instrumental.

Black-Eyed Susan, two-step march, H. B. Wade	50c	18c
Creole Belles Clorinda, march, two-step, C. Harris	50c	18c
Flipety Flop, march, two-step, L. H. Dougherty.....	50c	18c
Lazarre Waltzes, H. B. Blanke.....	50c	18c
The Strenuous Life, a rag-time two-step, Scott Joplin	50c	18c
Knights of Pythias march, two-step, A. B. Chassaur.....	50c	18c

FOLIOS AND INSTRUCTORS.

The Star Dance Folio, arranged by Max Hoffman and Lee A. Smith	75c	35c
Selections from the Operas, the choicest and best.....	50c	25c
Kohler's Practical Method for the Piano, vols. I. and II. each	75c	19c
Bellak's New Method for the Piano, American and foreign fingering.....	\$1.00	39c

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MUNICIPAL BETTERMENT PLAN.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I have not read the Professor's articles on Municipal Reform, but the conclusion we have arrived at is the one that a sociologist in any part of our country will come to after consideration of the problem, and that is that the reason why Municipal Government of the large cities of the United States is a failure is because only one element of the body politic is in control of the—the political element—an element that is a parasite upon the body politic. It is the out-growth of the spoils system, which system has been developed by the professional politician. The reason why this one element is in control is because the dominant thought of our people in this field has been that our cities should be governed by a political party. A radical, structural change in the form of our City Governments is necessary, creating a Municipal Assembly, composed of all the elements, or parts of the body politic, as set forth in my article in your paper of April 17th. If all the different interests, or elements, as I call them, are represented by delegates, the action of the City Government must be toward a unification of thought that will bring about acts for the best interests of the whole. Respectfully,

St. Louis, April 22.

DRINKING-SONG.

BY FRANK MORTON.

Square your shoulders, merry men!

Life is brief and all uncertain:

Prelude, ballet, farce—and then

Down on Being comes the curtain!

What though Pleasure's prim and pale!

What though Art is limp and neuter,

There's a solace still in ale:

Sink your sorrows deep in pewter!

Fate is grim:

Laugh at him!

Dig him in the ribs for sport,

Chuckle when you hear him snort;

Fill your tankards to the brim,

Sink or swim!

Keep your end up, gallants all!

Joys of Youth are few and fleeting:

Don the purple! dodge the pall!

Turn deaf ears to prigs' entreating!

What though halcyon days are past,

You've no time for puling sorrow:

Day's declining; Night comes fast;

You may never know a morrow!

Let time fly!

Kick him by!

Cark and care are sorry swine;

Drench your dreary drabs with wine!

With a laugh left, who need sigh?

Who says die.

Face the music, Thirty-six!

Here's your health, old Sere and Yellow!

(Grisly boatman on the Styx,

Go 'way home, you silly feilow!)

What though dainty lips may curl,

What though circumstance be cruel,

There are other things than Girl;

We old dogs can take our gruel!

Everything

'S taken wing:

All save one thing; that is ours—

Good King Bacchus keeps his powers;

Stand (if stand you can) and sing—

Live the King!

E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.'s office at Mermod & Jaccard's Jewelry Co., Broadway and Locust street.

NOT INDISPENSABLE.

Max Gloistein, President of the Gloistein Fishing Club, at whom most of the practical jokes of the East Side are aimed, is an astute business man, notwithstanding the frequent stories published which tend to make one believe otherwise. His bartender, while under the influence of a severe attack of inflammation of the cranium, the other day, requested an advance in salary.

"Vell," said Gloistein, "I dink I am paying you as much as you art wort now."

"Aw, gwan," replied the mixologist, "If it wasn't fer de graft I brings in here youse'd have ter shut up de joint."

"Vat you dink I vood do if you vas to die?" said Max.

"I guess youse'd manage to get along widout me," replied the barkeeper.

"Vell," answered Gloistein, nonchalantly, "just imagine you vas dead."—*N. Y. Times.*

HOW A BROKER LOST HIS SEAT.

George Knight's son, who bought a seat on the Stock and Bond Exchange for twenty thousand dollars, some days ago, had the pleasure of assisting in the discomfiture of a fellow broker with a funny-bone. Business was dull, and this broker thinking to create a diversion, mounted a chair and cried: "I'll sell my seat for four dollars."

"Taken!" yelled Knight.

"I mean the seat of my trousers," replied the humorist.

"I'll take that, too," said Knight.

Before the broker could say a word he was seized and held by a dozen while Knight carefully carved out the seat of his pants. He was handed four dollars and told to go in peace. He went with his overcoat.—*San Francisco Town Talk.*

A firm of automobile manufacturers quote the following among their testimonials: "Six months ago I bought one of your famous

motor-vehicles. I have since had no less than twelve convictions for speeds ranging from forty to ninety miles an hour. I can produce sworn testimony as to the extraordinary speed powers of the carriage if desired.

IF I WERE OLD KING LEOPOLD.

If I were old King Leopold

I'd store my crown and go

To take my spring vacation now

Where soft, sweet breezes blow:

I'd let them woo my whiskers, too,

If they were so inclined,

And they should do the worrying

Who had to stay behind;

I'll pack into my satchel all

The long, green wads that it would hold

And, fitting hence, bid care adieu,

If I were old King Leopold.

If I were old King Leopold

And didn't have to stay—

If I could quit the grind awhile

And still keep drawing pay—

I'd lock the office up and hie

Away to some fair clime

And drive and loft and putt and try

To have a pleasant time;

I'd store the scepter and the crown

And then put on a "sub" to hold

My job till things got settled down,

If I were old King Leopold.

—*S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record.*

THE DOG.

"We always give the under dog in a fight our sympathy," remarked the observer of events and things, "the other dog does the rest."—*Yonker's Statesman.*

"I told Smith she'd play the deuce if he married her!"

"What's happened now?"

"Twins."

IF you are going to the Mountains for health and recreation or to camp out, hunt and fish during the summer months....

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The best and most direct route to

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Where the air is always crisp and invigorating and the sparkling waters of the mountain springs possess remarkable rejuvenating properties. Very low rates can be obtained at the picturesque boarding houses in the mountains, or you can form a party and camp out with more satisfactory results and at much less expense. Low railroad rates—low living expenses. Send for pamphlets and further information to

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For Sweetheart
For Wife

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For a Birthday
For an Engagement
For a Wedding

Sonnets To a Wife.

By Ernest McGaffey

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The Only Line running Library Observation Sleepers from St. Louis through to San Antonio. And further than this, it has Through Sleepers and Chair Cars to Paris, Dallas, Houston, Galveston—in fact, nearly all the Principal Points in Texas. The Frisco System is also

THE SHORT LINE TO OKLAHOMA,

And to Oswega, Wichita, Burrton and points in the West and Far West.

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Indian Territory



ONE of the most fertile sections of the United States, in which the natural development and consequent expansion in trade and wealth is but a question of time. In a few years this section, so long neglected, will be as well threaded with railways as is Iowa or Minnesota. Its fitness for close settlement, comparative certainty of rainfall, and natural resources make it an attractive goal for Western lines. The marvelous fertility of the soil is shown in the fact that the Government cotton report for 1901 gives the average lint production of the Territory per acre at 214 pounds, exceeded only by that of Louisiana, 260 pounds, and far in excess of the world's average, 169 pounds.

White settlers are occupying the present town sites, and are urging the platting of more. Banks are being started, new business houses opened, more newspapers established, and every feature of the development of a virgin country is going on. The immigration is of the better class—men who have sold out in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin and are seeking for new homes which can be bought cheap and made into rich holdings.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway is the pioneer railway line of the Indian Territory, and along its line is located a majority of the larger towns, viz., Muskogee, South McAlester, Durant, Coalgate, Wagoner and Vinita.

For more detailed information, write James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Louis, Mo., for a copy of pamphlet, "Indian Territory as it is To-day." Low rate excursions on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

